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McGUFFEY'S

ALTERNATE

FIFTH READER

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.

CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK

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Eclectic Press

A FIFTH READER addresses itself to those who have mastered the primary principles of Reading, and are prepared to enter upon the higher forms of written language as found in the works of the best writers. To attain the best results, the pupil should not read in one department of literature alone, but should become acquainted with history, travels, biography, and such healthful fiction as will exert a wholesome influence upon him, and enlarge his view of life.

With this end in view, the editor has presented a wide range of the best authors; and it was only when there was a manifest good to be served that an author is represented more than once. The selections have been chosen with great care, and with a threefold aim in view: (1) to give an adequate idea of the author's style, (2) to present useful or interesting facts, and (3) to enlarge the pupil's vocabulary by presenting good and pure English, such as will serve as models upon which a child may be led to base a style of his own. In numerous instances the selections have been adapted or abridged; and this, while not impairing their value to the public at large, more perfectly adapts them to their purpose.

The biographical notices of the authors have been written with great care. The simple statements of birth, death, etc., have been curtailed as far as possible, to give space for a short résumé of the writer's place in the world of letters, and are addressed to the teacher rather than to the pupil, as synopses which he can fill out as opportunity occurs.

The same may be said of the notes appended to the several selections; and these, if judiciously supplemented by the teacher, will greatly increase the interest of the pupil. For instance, if the class is studying Colonial History, the pupils will recognize several names in *Grandfather's Dream*, and these may form the bases of interesting and instructive composition work.

The definitions have received much attention. The aim has been to discriminate the synonyms,—thus aiding the child in obtaining a better understanding of the language, and placing in his hands the means of pursuing still farther his investigations in this interesting field.

All the illustrations are the work of the best artists and engravers in this country, and serve not only to beautify the book, but as valuable aids toward a better understanding of the several selections.

The Publishers have obtained permission from Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. to use Taylor's poem *Rhymes of the River*, G. P. Putnam's Sons *In the Great Fur Land*, Roberts Bros. *A Carnival of Light*, and Mr. Francis Parkman for *The Forest Life*.

CINCINNATI, *April*, 1888.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE English Alphabet consists of twenty-six letters, five of which (*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*) are called *vowels*, and the others, *consonants*. *W* and *y*, usually consonants, are sometimes vowels.

A *Vowel* is a letter that can be perfectly sounded with the vocal organs open.

A *Consonant* is a sound, modified usually by some change of the vocal organs.

A *Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in one sound.

TABLE OF VOCALS.

LONG SOUNDS.

ā as in c*ā*ke	ē as in *ē*at
â " f*â*r	ĕ " *ĕ*rr
ä " f*ä*rm	ī " *ī*de
å " f*å*st	ō " *ō*pe
a̤ " f*a̤*ll	ū " *ū*se

o͞o as in t*o͞o*l

SHORT SOUNDS.

ă as in *ă*n	ŏ as in *ŏ*ff
ĕ " *ĕ*bb	ŭ " *ŭ*p
ĭ " *ĭ*nk	o͝o " t*o͝o*k

DIPHTHONGS.

oi as in boil | ou as in pout

TABLE OF SUBVOCALS.

b	as in	bĭn	v	as in	văin
d	"	dĭg	th	"	thĕm
g	"	gēar	z	"	zōne
j	"	jŭmp	z	"	ăzure
n	"	none	r	"	rāçe
m	"	mâre	w	"	wĕb
ng	"	swĭng	y	"	yēar

l as in lo͞om

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

f	as in	fīne	t	as in	tōne
h	"	hĭş	sh	"	shĭn
k	"	¢āke	ch	"	cha̤lk
p	"	pĭn	th	"	thĭn
s	"	sȯme	wh	"	whȳ

SUBSTITUTES.

ạ	for	ŏ	as in	whạt	ў	for	ĭ	as in	mўth
ê	"	â	"	thêre	¢	"	k	"	¢ăn
e̱	"	ā	"	fe̱int	ç	"	s	"	çīte
ï	"	ē	"	polïçe	ch	"	sh	"	chāiş̱e
ĭ	"	ẽ	"	sĭr	¢h	"	k	"	¢hāos
ȯ	"	ŭ	"	sȯn	ġ	"	j	"	ġĕm
o̱	"	o͞o	"	to̱	ṉ	"	ng	"	ĭṉk
ọ	"	o͝o	"	wọlf	ş̱	"	z	"	ăş̱
ô	"	ạ	"	fôrk	s	"	sh	"	su̱re
ŏ	"	ẽ	"	wŏrk	x̱	"	gz	"	ĕx̱ăct
u̱	"	o͝o	"	fu̱ll	gh	"	f	"	läugh
û	"	ẽ	"	bûrn	ph	"	f	"	phlŏx
u̱	"	o͞o	"	ru̱de	qu	"	k	"	pïque
ȳ	"	ĭ	"	flȳ	qu	"	kw	"	quĭt

EXPLANATION OF THE DIACRITICAL MARKS.

The **breve** (˘) indicates short sound of vowels; as, dŏğ.

The **tilde** (˜) placed over *n*, shows that the sound of *y* is added; as, cañon.

The **macron** (¯) indicates long sounds of vowels; as, māy. Placed over *g*, it shows that this letter has the hard sound; as, ḡăḡ.

The **bar** (‗) placed under *n*, shows that the *n* has the sound of *ng;* as, lin̲k. Placed under *e*, it gives the sound of long *a;* as, fe̲ign.

The **suspended bar** (⸗) placed under *s*, indicates that *s* has the sound of *z;* as, i̯s̲. Placed under *x*, it indicates that *x* has the sound of *gz;* as, ex̲ămine.

The **diæresis** (¨), also called **dots**, placed over *a*, indicates the soft Italian sound; as, mär. Placed under *a*, they indicate the broad sound of that letter; as, ba̤ll. Placed under *u*, they indicate the broad sound of o͞o; as, ru̇de.

The **dot** (˙) placed over *a*, indicates the short Italian sound; as, ȧst. Placed over *g*, it indicates that this letter has the sound of *j;* as, ġem. Placed under *u*, it indicates the sound of o͝o; as, pu̇ll.

The **circumflex** (ˆ) or (ˇ) indicates certain vowel sounds, as *a* in âir. Placed over *o* and *i*, it shows that each has the sound of ẽ; as, wǒrm, sȋr.

The **cedilla** (¸) placed under *c*, indicates the sound of *s;* as, ç̧ite.

SUGGESTIONS.

In order that the pupil may receive the greatest possible benefit from a reading exercise in a higher reader of a graded series, special attention should be paid to two points. First, the pupil should be taught to comprehend fully and clearly the idea expressed by the author; secondly, he should be taught to express these thoughts with the same precision and clearness of emphasis, accent, and inflection that he would use in expressing his own thoughts.

The difficulties in the way of a clear understanding of the thought may come from three sources:

1. *The words may be unfamiliar,*—they may be wholly unknown, or unknown in the peculiar sense in which the author employs them. To remedy this difficulty, definitions have been provided for some words of peculiar use or significance. A similar course should be pursued with respect to all words not fully and clearly understood by the pupil. Frequent and close questioning on the part of the teacher will lead the pupil to the proper preparation of the lesson. Let the pupils be led to discriminate accurately between words that are nearly synonymous. Lead them to see why an author has employed one word instead of another of nearly similar meaning.

2. *The figure of speech may not be comprehended fully.* It is not expected that pupils in this grade of school work will master the formal definitions of simile, metaphor, synecdoche, or any other figure of speech, but their attention should be called to the fact that the words are used not literally but figuratively. This may be done without naming the figure or analyzing it. Much interest will be added to the reading exercise if the pupils are taught to appreciate the care that has been taken by the author to express his thought clearly and forcibly.

3. *The allusions to real or imaginary persons, to historical events, and to localities may not be understood.* No name of person or place should be passed without a clear understanding of the reason for the use of such name. Much of the real value of reading as a mental discipline is lost from a neglect of this requirement. From hasty and thoughtless habits of reading we acquire the habit of reading mere "words, words, words," without any thought. Brief notes are given to such names as might not readily be found, but these should be enlarged by the pupils under the direction of the teacher. No fact is properly appreciated until we know *where* it occurred, *when* it occurred, and *why* it occurred. It is not necessary to know the *where*, *when*, and *why* of all facts; but it is worth while that a pupil should know how to study a fact so as to give it a value to himself. The value of education does not consist in the material acquired so much as in the ability to acquire. This general principle of education applies with peculiar force to the teaching of reading.

Pupils should be taught how to master the full thought of these selections from the best English and American authors, in order that they may in after life be able to read intelligently, and therefore with pleasure, the thoughts of those who are moving the world. At no time in the world's history have words been more potent than in the present time. He who in his youth learns to follow most clearly and intelligently the thoughts of the world's leaders, will in time be most likely to lead others.

FIFTH READER.

1. A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL.

RICHARD HENRY DANA (1815–1882) was born in Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College at an early age, but an affection of the eyes compelled him to travel, and he took this opportunity to gratify a longing for a seaman's life, and spent two years as a common sailor. The information which he gathered on this trip was embodied in the charming volume *Two Years Before the Mast*, from which this selection is abridged. Mr. Dana ranked with the first of American lawyers, particularly in questions of international law.

1. NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship literally under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time.

2. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you can not see her as you would a separate object.

BUMB

3. One night while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jibboom upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel; and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds.

4. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high,—the two lower studding-sails stretching on each side far beyond the deck; the topmast studding-sails like wings to the topsails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand.

5. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails,—"How quietly they do their work!"

Definitions.—1. Stŭd'ding-sāil, *a light sail set outside a principal sail of a vessel to increase her speed.* 4. Tŏp'-sāil, *a sail extended across the mast of a ship next above the lower mast called the topmast.* Tŏp-găl'lant, *the third sail in order from the deck.*

2. BY THE ALMA RIVER.

Mrs. DINAH MARIA MULOCH CRAIK (1826–1887) was born in England. At the age of twenty-three, *The Ogilvies*, her first work appeared; this was followed by *Olive*, and in 1856 by her most admired novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Her poems were recently issued under the title *Thirty Years*. Mrs. Craik wrote a pure, simple English, choosing her words with great care. In delineation of character, *A Life for a Life* is certainly her best book.

1. WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, that soldier toy;
Look where father's picture stands,—
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since—father kind,
Who this night may—Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that he may hear
Who is God of battles,—say,
"Oh, keep my father safe this day[1]
By the Alma river."

2. Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work.
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sevastopol![2]
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard—
By the Alma river.

3. Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away—

Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
By the Alma river.

4. Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is,— poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark!—
Where he *buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma river.

5. Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer
Once again,—a different one,—
Say, "O God, thy will be done
By the Alma river."

NOTES.—1. The battle of *Alma* was fought September, 1854. 2. *Sevastopol*, in the southern part of Russia on the Black Sea, was the principal scene of the Crimean War, 1854, 1855.

3. "CHINESE GORDON."[1]

1. DURING the wild disorder which prevailed in China when the Opium War[2] of 1842 ended, a village schoolmaster suddenly proclaimed himself a prophet of vengeance and freedom. He said that his mission was to exterminate the Manchoo race, and he found hundreds of thousands to believe in him. Gradually he gathered a great army, and gained one victory after another, until at last he stormed Nanking and established his throne there.

2. His troops ravaged the country, and the Imperialists could do nothing against him. The starving peasants were reduced to cannibalism; business in the coast towns was paralyzed; and the rebel who caused this desolation and suffering bestowed on himself the title of king. In despair, the Chinese Government asked that a British commander might be appointed to the Imperial forces, and Gordon was chosen.

3. He went very warily at work. First of all he completed a military survey of the country for thirty miles around Shanghai, and then he began to train his troops. His force was about four thousand strong. The men were poorly armed, and the officers were adventurers from almost every state of Europe.

4. Officers and men alike found in Gordon their master; rigid discipline was established, and the Englishman at last took the field with an army that recognized him as a real ruler. Gordon struck at the very heart of the rebellion; he was as swift and decisive in his operations as was Napoleon; and the rebel generals never knew when and where his next blow would fall.

5. Stockade after stockade, town after town, were stormed by the Imperialists, and every attack of importance was led by the commander-in-chief in person. He never carried any

weapon; he went into action with a small cane which he handled jauntily, and he used to stand amid the hottest fire pointing quietly with this little rod, which the soldiers called "Gordon's wand of victory."

6. When the town of Kintang was taken by storm, he led all the assaults, and the weight of the enemy's fire again and again forced the stormers back. Here he was hit in the leg, and one of his body-guard cried out that the general was wounded. The wounded leader sternly silenced this alarmist, and stood giving orders until he nearly fainted from loss of blood. There was no bravado in all this; it was absolutely necessary that the Chinese troops should see no sign of even reasonable prudence in their general.

7. In all his dealings with the Chinese, General Gordon was high-handed in the extreme. The Emperor sent the Yellow Jacket—which carries with it the highest military grade of the Empire—and also a donation of ten thousand taels. When the treasure-bearers entered Gordon's presence carrying huge bowls of coin, the irate general took up his famous wand and flogged them out of the chamber.

8. If we imagine an English general assaulting the queen's messenger, we. can form some idea of the consternation which followed this action. But Gordon knew what he was doing; his rude treatment of the yellow robe only served to make him more popular, and he attained the very end he sought. He crushed the rebellion, and then left China without taking one penny of reward. By ending a cruel civil war promptly, he rescued an immense population from misery and starvation.

Definitions.—3. Ad vĕnt'ūr er, *one who tries to push his fortune by bold means.* 7. I rāte', *angry, enraged.*

NOTES.—1. *Charles George Gordon* was born in England in 1833. In 1863 be was appointed commander of the Chinese Imperial armies, and his successful campaign against the rebels as described in the

selection brought him prominently before the government of England. After filling many offices with credit, he was appointed to the Soudan in 1883, to endeavor to bring about a peace between the rebel chiefs and the Egyptian government. He was killed by the rebel troops in Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, January 26th, 1885. Tennyson has said of him

"The earth has known no gentler, nobler man."

2. The British traders of India had long smuggled opium into China contrary to the protests of the government. War was at last proclaimed in 1840 and lasted till 1842. The English were victorious, and when peace was declared, opium was sent into China in still greater quantities.

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4. THE COMMON-SCHOOL HOUSE.

SARGENT SMITH PRENTISS (1808–1851) was born in Maine. He studied in Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1826. Having been admitted to the bar in 1829, he removed to the South, where he lived until his death, but always retained an affection for New England and its institutions. Mr. Prentiss took a prominent part in the politics of the day, and was one of the representatives from Mississippi in the Congress of 1837. His eloquence was of a high order, and many of his speeches and addresses have been printed. They are marked by logical thought and intense patriotism, and contain many brilliant passages and shrewd reflections.

1. BEHOLD yon simple building near the crossing of the village road. It is small and of rude construction, but it stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above, and seems to lean toward it as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, for there is no fruit except upon the highest and most inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee-hive.

2. Now peep through yonder window, and you will see a hundred children with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes, and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school, the free, the common school, provided by law, open to all, claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty.

3. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence, under the same auspices, the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wings.

4. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the senate; the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who, boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science.

5. The common village school is New England's fairest boast, the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. The principle that society is bound to provide for its members' education as well as protection, so that none may be ignorant except from choice, is the most important that belongs to modern philosophy. It is essential to a republican government.

6. Universal education is not only the best and the surest, but the only foundation for free institutions. True liberty is the child of knowledge; she pines away and dies in the arms of Ignorance. Honor, then, to the early fathers of New England, from whom came the spirit which has built a school-house by every sparkling fountain, and bids all come as freely to the one as to the other.

Definitions.—2. De mūre′, *of modest look, sober.* Com mū′-ni ty, *a people having equal rights, privileges, and customs.* 3. Ạu′spi çeş, *favor shown.* Sŭs′te nançe, *here, it is that which supports. Particularly, sustenance is that which is imparted, whether to human beings or to plants.* Plūme, *here the word means* to try *or* to use. 4. Prī′mal, *first.* Rĕv o lū′tion īze, *to change completely.*

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5. THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, (1822–1872), was born in Pennsylvania. He was destined for an artist, and studied in Cincinnati until 1841, when he removed to Boston, where he gained some reputation as a portrait painter. In 1850 he went to Italy, where he spent most of the remaining years of his life, though he visited Cincinnati and Philadelphia frequently.

As a writer, Read is musical and impassioned, and the peculiar charm of his poem *Drifting* will cause his name to be long remembered. He devoted much time to the mechanical structure of his verses, and his poems indicate careful study and a delicate fancy. His collected Poetical Works were issued in three volumes in 1866.

1. I STOOD by the open casement
   And looked upon the night,
   And saw the westward-going stars
   Pass slowly out of sight.

2. Slowly the bright procession
   Went down the gleaming arch,
   And my soul discerned the music
   Of their long, triumphal march;

3. Till the great celestial army,
   Stretching far beyond the poles,
   Became the eternal symbol
   Of the mighty march of souls.

4. Onward, forever onward,
   Red Mars[1] led down his clan;

And the moon, like a mailéd maiden,
Was riding in the van.

5. And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great height
The noblest of them all.

6. Downward, forever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore
They passed into the unknown night,—
They passed, and were no more.

7. No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

8. The stars and the mailéd moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

9. And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

10. Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

11. And long let me remember
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

NOTE.—1. *Mars* was the god of war of the ancient Romans.

6. BRAINARD'S "FALL OF NIAGARA."

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH (Peter Parley), (1793–1860), was born in Connecticut. He was in turn author, publisher, editor, and politician, and served each part with credit. His name is attached to nearly 200 different publications, and the vast quantity of juvenile literature now flooding the country is directly traceable to Mr. Goodrich's industry, for before his time few authors had ventured into this field.

Although his works are now but seldom read, he will be remembered as the genial friend of young authors, ever ready to recognize real merit; and it was through his influence that many of our best-known writers were introduced to literature.

1. I WAS now boarding at "Ripley's"—a good, old-fashioned tavern, over which presided Major Ripley, respected for Revolutionary services, an amiable character, and a long Continental queue. In the administration of the establishment he was ably supported by his daughter Aunt Lucy,—the very genius of tavern courtesy, cookery, and comfort. Here Brainard[1] joined me, and we took our rooms side by side. Thus for more than a year we were together, as intimate as brothers.

2. The scene opens in Miss Lucy's little back-parlor—a small, cozy, carpeted room, with two cushioned rocking-chairs and a bright hickory fire. It is a chill November night, about seven o'clock of a Friday evening. The Mirror—Brainard's paper—is to appear on the morning of the morrow, it being a weekly sheet and Saturday its day of publication. The week has thus far passed, and he has not written for it a line.

3. How the days have gone he can hardly tell. He has read a little—dipped into Byron, pored over the last Waverly novel, and been to see his friends; at all events, he has got rid of the time. He has not felt confident to bend down to his work, and has put it off till the last moment. No

further delay is possible. He is now not well; he has a cold, and this has taken the shape of a swelling of the tonsils, almost amounting to quinsy, as was usual with him in such attacks.

4. Miss Lucy, who takes a motherly interest in him, tells him not to go out, and his own inclinations suggest the charms of a quiet evening in the rocking-chair, by a good fire—especially in comparison with going to his comfortless office and drudging for the press. He lingers till night, and then suddenly rousing himself, throws on his cloak and sallies forth. As was not uncommon, I go with him. A dim fire is kindled in the small Franklin stove in his office, and we sit down. Brainard, as was his wont, especially when he was in trouble, falls into a curious train of reflections, half comic and half serious.

5. "Would to heaven," he says, "I were a slave. I think a slave, with a good master, has a good time of it. The responsibility of taking care of himself—the most terrible burden of life—is put on his master's shoulders. If a slave sins he is only flogged and gets over it, and there's an end of it. Now, if I could only be flogged, and settle matters that way, I should be perfectly happy. But here comes my tormentor."

6. The door is now opened, and a boy with a tousled head and inky countenance enters, saying curtly, "Copy, Mr. Brainard!"

"Come in fifteen minutes!" says the editor, with a droll mixture of fun and despair.

Brainard makes a few observations, and sits down at his little narrow pine table. Some time passed in talk, when at last he turned suddenly, took up his pen and began to write. I sat apart and left him to his work.

7. Some twenty minutes passed, when, with a radiant smile on his face, he got up, approached the fire, and taking the candle to light his paper, read as follows:

"THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice that seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos[2] for his Savior's sake,
'The sound of many waters'; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his cent'ries in the eternal rocks!"

8. He had hardly done reading when the boy came. Brainard handed him the lines—on a small scrap of rather coarse paper—and told him to come again in half an hour. Before this time had elapsed, he had finished and read to me the following stanza:

"Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That breathes and whispers of its Maker's might."

9. These lines having been furnished, Brainard left his office, and we returned to Miss Lucy's parlor. He seemed utterly unconscious of what he had done. I praised the verses, but he thought I only spoke warmly from friendly interest. The lines went forth, and produced a sensation of delight over the whole country. Almost every exchange paper that came to the office had extracted them; even then he would scarce believe that he had done any thing very clever.

10. And thus, under these precise circumstances were composed the most suggestive and sublime stanzas upon

Niagara that were ever penned. Brainard had never, as he told me, been within less than five hundred miles of the cataract, nor do I believe that when he went to the office he had meditated upon the subject. It was one of those inspirations which come to the poet—and often come like the lightning—in the very midst of clouds and darkness.

Definitions.—1. Queūe (same as *Cue*), *a tail-like twist of the hair, formerly worn at the back of the head by gentlemen.* 3. Tŏn′sils, *two small, almond-shaped glands in the throat.* Quĭn′sy, *an inflammation of the tonsils attended by fever.* 6. Tou′sled, *disordered, tangled.* 7. Chrŏn′ic le, *to record.*

NOTES.—1. *John G. C. Brainard*, poet and man of letters, was born in Connecticut. His poems were chiefly short pieces contributed to *The Mirror* mentioned in the selection. 2. *St. John*, the "beloved disciple" of the New Testament. See Revelation i: 9.

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7. THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

1. "I THOUGHT, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. This dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours the telegram said, only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

2. "We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!"

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.'

3. "'Go, then, go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen." And the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not."

4. Blossom sat near them listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said. It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers; he held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

5. The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to tell you all about it; and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and, the day before that night, I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double quick, and though the baggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have

dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until– well, until it was too late."

6. "God be thanked!" said Mr. Owen, reverently. 'I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by kindness—Time to write to you, our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could: and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is heart-broken, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father: tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear. Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him in a better, better life."

7. "Amen," said Mr. Owen, solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me. But I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

8. Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little girl glided out, and went down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather to fly than to walk, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

9. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's would refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

10. The President had just seated himself to his morning task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

11. "Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eyes over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

12. "What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed; and he was the President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln.

13. He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this despatch at once." The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell your father, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard that prayer?

14. Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap was fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said, "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he said fervently, "*The Lord be praised.*"

Definitions.—2. Pa̤l'sy, *to deprive of action or energy.* 8. Stōōp, *a porch with seats on the sides.* 9. In ĕrĕd'i bly, *in a manner not to be believed.* 11. Nĕg'li gençe, *lack of proper attention.* 12. Jŭs ti fi ā'tion, *a showing to be just and right. A successful justification is a proof of more than innocence,—that what was done was proper under the circumstances.*

8. FREEDOM.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–18—) was born in England. He came of a scholarly family, and his father was a man of considerable attainments, while his mother was "a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman," whose influence over him was a source of inspiration in after life. Although he had published two or three small volumes previously, his gifts were not generally recognized till 1833, when his second collection of poems was published, containing *A Dream of Fair Women* and *The Lady of Shalott*, which are among the most admired of his productions. In 1847 *The Princess* appeared, which was followed later by *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *Idylls of the King*, and *Enoch Arden*, and in 1886 by *Sixty Years After*. He was made Poet Laureate in 1850. "The melody of his verse, the purity and strength of his diction, the significance and dignity of theme" are indicative of most extraordinary gifts, and these gifts Tennyson has used to their fullest measure. If he has sung for the sake of singing and without any particular purpose in view, he is nevertheless one of the truest and most profound poets which the world has produced.

1. OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
   The thunders breaking at her feet:
   Above her shook the starry lights:
   She heard the torrents meet.

2. There in her place she did rejoice,
   Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
   But fragments of her mighty voice
   Came rolling on the wind.

3. Then stepped she down through town and field
   To mingle with the human race,
   And part by part to men revealed
   The fullness of her face.

4. Grave mother of majestic works,
   From her isle-altar gazing down,
   Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
   And, king-like, wears the crown:

5. Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

6. That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams;
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

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9. GLACIERS.

1. SNOW consists of crystals of ice, which look white only because they do not lie perfectly close; for when the air is squeezed out, they adhere together and form a lump of transparent ice. The snow which accumulates on the heel of one's boot is converted into ice by pressure; and the vast quantities of snow which fall and accumulate among the mountains, are similarly converted into ice by their own weight, which also helps them to creep down the mountain-sides into the valleys, where the warmer air changes them once more into water.

2. If the glaciers, as these rivers of ice are called, remained stationary high up among the mountains, they would go on increasing in thickness year by year, as they received fresh additions of snow; and year by year, as its waters were locked up in the form of ice, the ocean would sink lower and lower.

3. Glaciers, then, may be called rivers of ice; but unlike other rivers, they are able to move uphill as well as down: and while at one time they descend into deep basins, at another they ascend hills several hundred feet high. Their rate of motion is very slow, and slower in winter than in

summer, being sometimes only a few inches, and sometimes two feet or more in the course of the day; but it never ceases entirely.

4. The fresh additions of snow which it is constantly receiving at its upper end, are forever pushing it on, urging it down the steep slopes and, more slowly, up the hills; and the motion is helped by the expansion and contraction of the ice with each variation of temperature, day and night, winter and summer. Every time it expands it must creep onward, be it ever so little; and when it contracts again, it can not retreat up the slope against the enormous weight always pressing it downwards and onwards.

5. Then, too, it seems probable that the freezing and consequent expansion of the molecules of water, which must drain into it whenever the surface is ever so slightly melted, also help to urge the glacier onward.

6. The glacier's motion, like that of a river, is greatest on the surface, and greater in the middle than at the sides; and what with the strain resulting from this unequal motion, and the extremely rough, uneven character of its bed, its surface is also rough, and rent with cracks and fissures of all sizes, from a few inches to several feet across.

7. Looking down upon it from a height, we should generally see on either side of the glacier a dark line, which, on closer examination would prove to be a mound of rocky fragments, large and small, and huge blocks, many tons in weight, which have fallen from the cliffs and mountains bounding it on either side, and are thus gradually being carried down into the valley.

8. Thousands of tons of rock and rubbish are continually falling from the heights above; and when two glaciers meet, the two nearest "moraines," as these rubbish mounds are called, join together and form a central moraine, often twenty or thirty feet high. The three moraines then travel on together to the end of the glacier, where the ice melts and

drops them, forming a "terminal moraine," perhaps eighty or a hundred feet high.

9. But glaciers, like rivers, are "dust-makers" as well as "dust-carriers"; for the joints which exist in all rocks make it easy both for running water and ice to force the blocks out of their places; and then, besides the immense heaps of rubbish which the glacier carries on its surface, large quantities also fall into its cracks and fissures, and, being jammed in between the ice and its bed, are pressed against the rocks by all the weight of the mass above.

10. These fragments of stone are, in fact, the glacier's tools, which it holds fast with more than a giant's grip and strength, and with which it either smooths and rounds the rocks over which it passes, or else scores them with deep grooves and ruts.

11. In the summer, when the glacier shrinks away from the sides of its bed, it is possible to creep in below the ice and to see both the long scratches made on the rocks and how finely these have been smoothed and polished by the sand, mud, and smaller stones, which result from the perpetual grinding of this mighty mill-stone.

12. Streams of water flow beneath every glacier, and, gushing forth at its foot, densely charged with the finest mud, form the sources of many a river; but the pebbles conveyed by a glacier stream differ from those of other streams in that they are angular.

13. The glacier is not nearly such a neat workman as the river; for instead of sorting its load, dropping the larger pebbles here, the smaller there, the gravel in one place and the fine sand in another, the glacier drops its immense piles of sand, grit, stones, huge slabs, and rocks all together, and heaps them up anyhow into one great mound.

14. In other respects the action of the glacier is so like that of the river, that, but for the peculiar tokens of its presence in the shape of rounded, scratched, and polished

rocks, there would often be some difficulty in deciding which of the two had been at work.

15. The perpetual grinding of the glacier mill-stone against the rocks which produces the "stone-meal," as it is called, naturally deepens its bed year by year; and in the course of centuries, if the supply of snow continues, it will scoop out deep channels with perpendicular cliffs.

16. Then, if such a change of climate should take place as has occurred many times in the earth's history, the glacier will either melt away altogether or shrink higher up among the mountains, and its former bed will become a valley with, perhaps, a glacier stream running at the bottom, and here and there some of the rounded rocks, which, from their fancied resemblance to sheep, the Swiss call "sheep rocks" (*roches moutonnées*).

17. But if the glacier terminates on the coast instead of inland, something else may happen; for if the land sinks—a thing which has often taken place—then, as the glacier retreats, the sea will flow in and occupy its bed, and instead of a valley there will be a fiord. The wonderful series of fiords by which the coast of Norway is broken, and those of Patagonia, British Columbia, Greenland, etc., have all been thus slowly engraved by glaciers.

Definitions.—1. Ad hēre′, *to stick fast; it is best used in describing the closest and most lasting union between two bodies.* 5. Mŏl′e cūles, *minute particles which constitute matter of any kind.* 10. Scōre, *to mark with lines or scratches.* 12. Ăn′gu lar, *pointed.* 15. Pĕr pen dĭc′ū lar, *exactly upright.* 17. Tĕr′mi nāte, *to end or stop.* Fiôrd, *a long, narrow inlet bounded by high banks or rocks, often opening again into the sea.*

NOTE.—The teacher should supplement this lesson with such facts concerning glaciers as are within her experience or reading. Interesting articles from Prof. Tyndall's books, especially *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, can be used to advantage, and these will point the way for personal reading on the part of the pupil.

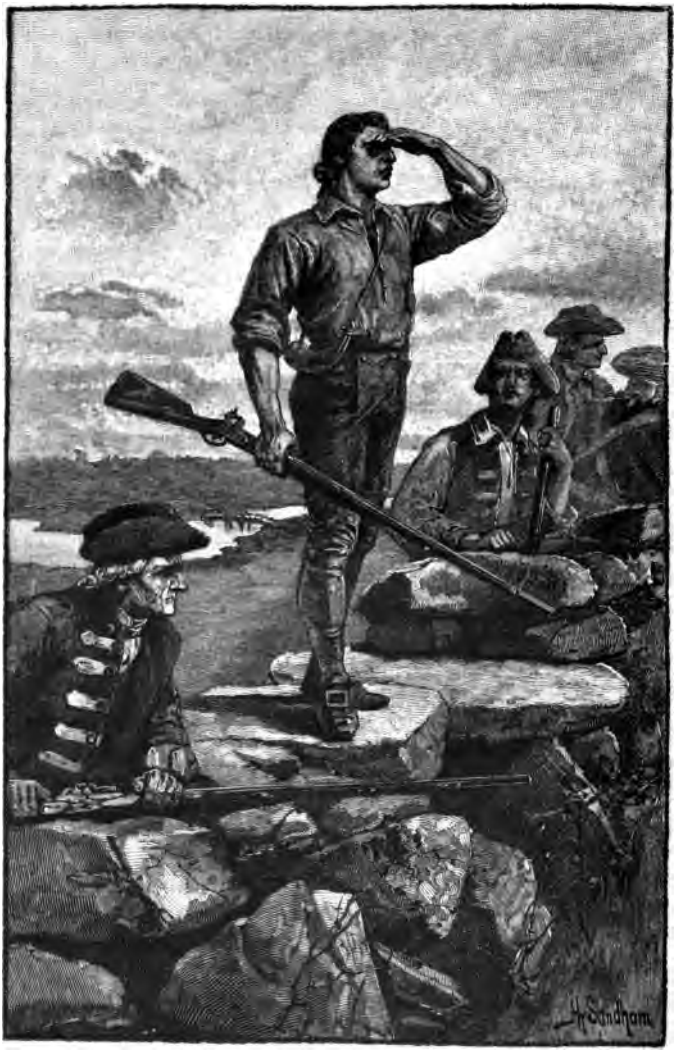
10. THE MINUTE-MAN.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–18—) was born in Rhode Island. He was intimate with Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, and for eighteen months was a member of the Brook Farm Community. Later he traveled in Europe, and wrote *Lotus Eating* and *Nile Notes*. On his return to America he became connected editorially with the New York *Tribune* and with *Putnam's Monthly*. In the latter, his charming sketches composing the *Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I* first appeared. He is now editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Curtis is full of a kindly humor, sometimes mildly sarcastic, but never coarse. He has a wide command of the English language.

1. Two hundred years ago, Mary Shepherd, a girl of fifteen, was watching the savages on the hills of Concord, while her brothers thrashed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, slew the brothers, and carried her away. In the night, while the savages slept, she untied a stolen horse, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua river, and rode through the forest, home. Mary Shepherd was the true ancestor of the minute-man of the Revolution.

2. The minute-man of the Revolution! who was he? He was the husband, the father, who left the plow in the furrow, the hammer on the bench, and kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, the young. He was Captain Miles, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haines, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in that hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

3. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man." The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. Young Hayward


H. Sandham

fell, mortally wounded. "Father," said he, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much, and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry I turned out."

4. This was the minute-man of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system. With brain, and heart, and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order of the British council. The cold Grenville,[1] the brilliant Townshend,[2] the reckless Hillsborough[3] derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them, and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably.

5. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him. Enthroned in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him. And when, on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of America, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" He felt that a blow would soon be struck that would break the heart of British tyranny. His judgment, his conscience, told him the hour had come.

Definitions.—4. Hŏs'tīle, *warlike, unfriendly. Hostility is a positive and open opposition to the wishes of others.* De rĭd'ed, *mocked, made sport of in a scornful manner. A person derides when he ceases to be good-humored in his fault-finding, and becomes bitter and sour. It indicates settled anger or hate.* In ĕx'o ra bly, *so as not to be moved.* 5. Wrĭt, *a writing proceeding from the proper authority commanding the performance or non-performance of some act or acts by the person to whom directed. In law a term originally applied only to summons of importance.*

NOTES.—1. *George Grenville*, an English statesman, born 1712, died 1770. 2. *Charles Townshend*, born 1725, died 1767; notorious as advocating the levying of duties on the American colonies. 3. *Earl Hillsborough*, born 1715, died 1793; associated with the above in the ministry of England.

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11. THE EARTH.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780–1842) was born in Rhode Island. He studied at Harvard College where he graduated in 1798, and in 1803 was settled as pastor of the Federal-Street Church in Boston. Small in person and of extreme sensibility, he early impaired his health by the rigorous discipline to which he subjected himself, and carried the effects of this practice through life. Dr. Channing was of a retiring disposition and disliked notoriety. Hence he was prone to underrate his own work, but was always warm in his appreciation of whatever was good in others. He had a remarkably pure, clear, and polished style.

1. My highway is unfeatured air,
   My consorts are the sleepless stars;
   And men my giant arms upbear,—
   My arms unstained and free from scars.

2. I rest forever on my way,
   Rolling around the happy sun;
   My children love the sunny day,
   But noon and night to me are one.

3. My heart hath pulses like their own;
   I am their mother, and my veins
   Though built of the enduring stone,
   Thrill as do theirs with godlike pains.

4. The forests and the mountains high—
   The foaming ocean and its springs—
   The plains,—O pleasant company,
   My voice through all your anthems rings!

5. Ye are so cheerful in your minds,
Content to smile, content to share;
My being in your silence finds
The echo of my spheral air.

6. No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
No drop of water lose the road;
The issues of the general soul
Are mirrored in their round abode.

12. THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD (1802–1880) was born in Massachusetts. Her first novel, *Hobomok*, was written in six weeks and published when the author was but nineteen. From this time till her death, a period of nearly sixty years, Mrs. Child was one of the foremost writers in America, and her numerous books, numbering nearly fifty, attest her popularity. She early became interested in the anti-slavery movement, and in 1841 in connection with her husband she assumed the editorial labors of the *Standard*, which she directed for more than twenty years. Mrs. Child had a large appreciation of life and its opportunities, and wrote of it with a freedom and sympathy which constitutes the chief charm of her works.

I.

1. "So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather; "you will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

2. "Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather; "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the savings of her years

of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. You know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

3. "If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east-wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old maid as herself."

4. "That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

5. "I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

6. Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

7. "I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep every thing as bright as a new five-cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

8. Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament for good or evil.

9. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

10. In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table; and instead of, "Mind how you do that,—if you don't, I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words: "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the fields. By and by you shall hear my music-box."

11. This opened wide the windows of the poor, little, shut-up heart so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, caroling. The happy child tuned

up like a lark as she tripped up and down stairs on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures as to what sort of thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at every thing that resembled a box.

12. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest a while and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after a while she opened it and explained what made the sounds.

13. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that; I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one.

14. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture-books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her

home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

II.

1. AUNT HETTY had a cat—a lean, scraggy animal—that looked as if it were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a dislike to poor, poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink; but he was any thing but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out-of-doors without being saluted with a growl and a short, sharp bark that frightened her out of her senses and made her run into the house with her fur all on end.

2. On one occasion Aunt Hetty rushed into her neighbor's apartments and faced Mrs. Fairweather with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; see if I don't; and I shan't wait long either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

3. "I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny; "what do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

4. "I didn't think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fair-

weather. "I called her poor Tab because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

5. The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly; and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you think her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty: "I should get precious little work out of her if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

6. "I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot in hopes of overtaking them."

7. Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

8. "For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mold before we can eat them up."

9. Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say: "Neighbor Fairweather, you need n't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It 's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I 'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

III.

1. MRS. FAIRWEATHER was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

2. "My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us, sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

3. The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes and the sweet young voices fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless

me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

4. When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care."

5. At another time she would say, "Well, really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

6. One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law?"

7. "I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

Definitions.—I. 2. Dĭs si pā'tion, *a wrong course of life, in which money or time is spent in pursuit of pleasure.* 6. Pre cau'tion, *care.* Săl ū tā'tion, *greeting; a salutation may or may not be in words, but always implies a personal feeling.* 11. Ċon jĕct'ūre, *an opinion formed with very slight knowledge of the subject. Here it means a guess, though this is not the general meaning of the word.* 14. A lăc'ri ty, *readiness, willingness.* Do çĭl'i ty, *readiness to learn, meekness.* II. 2. Ġes tĭc ū lā'tions, *violent gestures; a movement of the body with the purpose to express any special meaning.* 5. Ċā'pa ble, *skillful, able, fitted.* III. 2. Ġrā'tis, *free, for nothing. It is from a Latin word meaning* favor *or* kindness. 3. Ċŭd'ġel, *a short, thick stick.* 5, Pērt, *smart, nice.* 6. Blīthe, *combining goodness and joyousness of nature.*

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13. WHAT IS NOBLE?

CHARLES SWAIN (1803–1874) was born in England. He entered his uncle's dyeing-house when fifteen, and remained there till 1842, when he turned his attention to engraving, which he followed till his death. He wrote several volumes of poems which were highly praised by English critics, and have been republished in this country. His best-known poems are *Dryburgh Abbey* and *The Mind.* Many others are justly admired, being distinguished by delicacy of feeling and a generous sentiment.

1. WHAT is noble?—to inherit
   Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
   There must be some other merit
   Higher yet than these for me.
   Something greater far must enter
   Into life's majestic span,

Fitted to create and center
True nobility in man.

2. What is noble?—'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting, ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being
And, like man, to feel for Man!

3. What is noble?—is the saber
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labor
Truer than e'er Pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement,
Aids the world in aiding Mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

4. O'er the Forge's heat and ashes,—
O'er the Engine's iron head,—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread,
There is labor, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,—
There is genius, still extending
Science and its world of power.

5. 'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor
Of the loom-shed and the mill,
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,

Commerce need not hide its features,—
Industry is not ashamed!

6. What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *Noble*, who advances
Freedom and the Cause of Man!

Definitions.—1. Spăn, *the space from the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger. Hence, figuratively, a brief portion of time.* 4. Shŭt'tle, *an instrument used by weavers in cloth-making.* Spĭn'dle, *the steel rod in spinning-wheels by which the thread is twisted.* 5. Clăm'or, *loud and continued noise. The commonest use of the word is in connection with the human voice. In this sense it is the use of the tongue by many persons, each calling out for himself, and trying to be heard above the voices of others.* 6. En frăn'chīsed, *freed from bondage, whether from moral wrong or material force.*

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14. GEORGE III.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863) was born in India. After studying law and art he drifted into literature, first as a light satirist, and then in the masterpieces *Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Henry Esmond,* and *The Newcomes.* These were produced in a comparatively short time, and he never equaled them in his later novels. Thackeray was not happy in his life. He failed to obtain political preferment; and though his daughters were highly gifted, their talents could not compensate for the hopeless insanity of his wife. Personally he was one of the most lovable of men, and he combated with the whole force of his intellect the shams of English life. He will be remembered as one of the most honest and sincere of social reformers.

1. THERE is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple, early life of the king's. As long as his mother

lived—a dozen years after his marriage—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if I ever have a son, I will not make him so unhappy as you make me."

2. The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

3. He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practice; what knowledge he could muster, he strove to acquire. He was forever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole Army List; and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked-hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army.

4. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism,[1] and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquette of his own and his grandfather's courts to a nicety, and the smallest particu-

lars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the anteroom, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned.

5. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war at his offense or quarrel; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbors shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God";—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

6. Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics;[2] and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed; he bullied; he darkly dissembled on occasion; he exercised a slippery perseverance and a vindictive resolution which one almost admires as one thinks his character over.

7. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North[3] under foot; it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt;[4] even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the straight-waistcoat they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated.

8. And so, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the King, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions; therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." That is the way he reasoned. "I wish nothing but good; therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel."

9. Remember that he believed himself anointed by a divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And do you not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship?

Definitions.—1. Tū'te lage, *guardianship, protection. This word is always applied to the person protecting.* Dŏm i nēer'ing, *overbearing.* 2. Bīg'ot ed, *unreasonable.* 3. Ġen e ăl'o ġy, *an account of the descent of a person or family from an ancestor.* 4. Per son nel (Pâr so nĕl'), *the body of persons employed in a work.* 5. Hu mĭl i-ā'tion, *mortification.* 6. Pan e ġyr'ist, *one who bestows praise on the character of a person. This praise is generally partial and strained, and takes no notice of the faults and failings of the subject.* Pa trĭ'cian, *a person of high birth; a nobleman.* 7. In dŏm'i ta ble, *not*

to be conquered or subdued. 8. Ăn'arch y, *want of government; a state of society where there is no law, and individuals do as they please without fear.*

NOTES.—1. *So çin'i an ism,* the doctrine of Söç'i nus, an Italian of the sixteenth century, who denied the Trinity, the deity of Jesus Christ, the personality of the devil, the eternity of future punishment, etc. 2. The *Roman Catholics* demanded that they should be allowed to sit in the Parliament of England, but this was denied them till 1832, when the Reform Bill removed their disabilities. 3. *Lord North* was prime minister of England during the Revolutionary War; born 1733, died 1792. 4. *Wm. Pitt,* second son of the great Earl of Chatham, born 1759, died 1806; one of the greatest of the English prime ministers.

15. A SCHOOL-BOY'S ADVENTURE.

HUGH MILLER (1802–1856) was born in Scotland. He received a limited education, and for a time was a stone-mason in his native town. Later he became a bank clerk, and in 1840 went to Edinburgh as editor of the *Witness,* which he directed till a fit of madness caused him to take his life. His best works are *The Testimony of the Rocks, Mosaic Vision of Creation,* and *My Schools and School-masters,* from which this selection is adapted. He wrote a remarkably clear and picturesque English. It is, however, as a geologist that he will longest be remembered, and it is in the *Vision of Creation* that "the varied splendor of his style and the giant grasp of his mental faculties are best displayed."

1. IT was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that, with its stern granitic wall bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot, and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. The tide was low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides at the period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water

with my uncles not a great many days before, and we both inferred that if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

2. A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it; and then, crawling outwards on all fours, we reached the outer point of the promontory; then, doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin, we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet. Adown we both dropped, proud of our success; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whole coming week—though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own.

3. The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels, and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves, in creeping, dwarf bushes that told of the blighting influence of the sea-spray, and the pale-yellow honeysuckle that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, we found the hot, bitter scurvy grass with its minute, cruciform flowers; above all, *there* were the caves with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue,—and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone and water became marble.

4. The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern while all around was dark as midnight, the sudden gleam of the

sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine, the black, heaving bulk of the grampus as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin,—even the pigeons as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them. It was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

5. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall; and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter which the evening tide would rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves and to hope on.

6. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk beneath the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became somber and gray. Every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homewards; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

7. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags where the sparrowhawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up; the cliffs had never been scaled before, and they were not destined to be

scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair.

8. "Would n't care for myself," said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears, "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" "Would n't care neither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back water, and we 'll get out at twall." We retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and, clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in one another's arms.

II.

1. For the last few hours mountainous piles of clouds had been rising dark and stormy in the sea-mouth: we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep-sea caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sank; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

2. Towards midnight the sky cleared and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose red as a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down, in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full *fathom of* sea enclasping the base of the promontory. A

glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week. There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape.

3. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in

the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and, as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves,—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.

4. The vessel, as we afterwards learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from amid the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together; but there was no second reply. And at length, losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upwards, higher and higher at every dash.

5. I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shore; and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned towards the rock and shouted yet again.

6. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there were cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot Caves, and not much the worse in *consequence;* but as the caves were inaccessible during

neaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home.

7. And in this belief, when the moon rose and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out. It was late in the morning ere we reached Cromarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the town. Poor old Miss Bond, who kept the town boarding-school, got the piece nicely dressed up, and at her first school-examination—proud and happy day for the author!—it was recited with vast applause by one of her prettiest young ladies, before the assembled taste and fashion of Cromarty.

Definitions.—I. 1. Nēap′-tīdes, *tides which happen in the first and third quarters of the moon, when the sun's and moon's attraction are opposed to each other, and the difference between high and low water is less than at any other period in the month.* 3. Crū′çi fôrm, *cross-shaped.* 4. Grăm′pus, *a large sea-fish somewhat resembling a whale.* 5. Făth′om, *the space of six feet.* 7. Pre cā′ri oŭs, *here, uncertain, unsteady. The word always relates to matters of personal interest: a thing is* uncertain *till it is determined; it is* precarious *until it is assured to ourselves.* II. 1. In ter mĭt′tent, *ceasing at intervals.* 3. A thwart′, *across, sidewise, obliquely.* 6. Imme mō′ri al, *beyond memory; extending beyond the reach of record.* 7. E lite′ (ā lēet′), *a choice or select body. It is from a French word meaning* to choose.

NOTE.—The scene of the above selection is laid in and near the birthplace of Hugh Miller. *Cromarty* is a small town on the eastern coast of Scotland; the *Doocot* is a remarkable cave near the town; and *The Sutor* one of two crags which shelter the harbor of the Firth of Cromarty.

16. THE MONTHS.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-18—) was born in London. In his first work, *Modern Painters*, which he published shortly after his graduation from college, he advocated a complete revolution in modern art. It was received with enthusiasm by some critics, and with great hostility by others. From the time of the appearance of this book, in 1843, he was constantly engaged in writing and lecturing until 1886, when his health failed, and he is now living in retirement. His numerous works show an astonishing command of the English language, and are widely read.

1. FROM your high dwellings in the realms of snow
And cloud, where many an avalanche's fall
Is heard resounding from the mountain's brow,
Come, ye cold winds at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth, till February's reign restore
The race of torrents to their wonted flow,
Whose waves shall stand in silent ice no more;
But, lashed by March's maddened winds, shall roar
With voice of ire, and beat the rocks on every shore.

2. Bow down your heads, ye flowers in gentle guise,
Before the dewy rain that April sheds,
Whose sun shines through her clouds with quick surprise,
Shedding soft influences on your heads;
And wreathe ye round the rosy month that flies
To scatter perfume in the path of June;
Till July's sun upon the mountains rise
Triumphant, and the wan and weary moon
Mingle her cold beams with the burning lume
That Sirius[1] shoots through all the dreary midnight gloom.

3. Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;

Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing;
September's steps her juicy stores unfold,
If the Spring blossoms have not blushed in vain:
October's foliage yellows with his cold:
In rattling showers dark November's rain,
From every stormy cloud, descends amain,
Till keen December's snows close up the year again.

Definitions.—1. Īre, *anger, wrath. When used in connection with a person, ire not so strong a word as anger; is more explosive and less reasoning, with less cause for complaint or offense.* 2. Ḡuīṣe, *external appearance.* 3. Jŏe'und, *merry, sportive.*

NOTE.—1. *Sirius*, the brightest star in the heavens, called the Dog-star. It is the nearest of the fixed stars.

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17. IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

HENRY CLAY (1771–1852), one of the greatest of American orators, was born in Virginia. He removed to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1797, and entered upon the practice of law, but soon drifted into politics. For fifty years he was one of the central figures in American history, holding some of the highest offices in the gift of the government. He was several times nominated for the Presidency. "His Speeches will long be interesting as the relics of a magnificent and dazzling personality, and for the light they shed upon the history of parties." The following is from his speech on the War of 1812. Clay was Speaker of the House at this time, but took a leading part in the debates in addition to his other duties.

1. IT is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is in vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she can not exist without the impressment of *her* seamen. The naked truth is, she comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes *our* native as

well as naturalized seamen, and drags them into her service. It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle, and of a practice not conformable to the asserted principle—a principle which, if it were theoretically right, must be forever practically wrong—a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation.

2. We are told by gentlemen in the opposition that government has not done all that was incumbent on it to do, to avoid just cause of complaint on the part of Great Britain; that in particular the certificates of protection, authorized by the act of 1796, are fraudulently used. Sir, government has done too much in granting those paper protections. I can never think of them without being shocked. What do they imply? That Great Britain has a right to seize all who are not provided with them. From their very nature they must be liable to abuse on both sides.

3. If Great Britain desires a mark by which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an ear-mark. The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen. There is no safety to us, and the gentlemen have shown it, but in the rule that all who sail under the flag (not being enemies), are protected by the flag. It is impossible that this country should ever abandon the gallant tars who have won for us such splendid trophies.

4. Let me suppose that the genius of Columbia should visit one of them in his oppressor's prison, and attempt to reconcile him to his forlorn and wretched condition. She would say to him, in the language of gentlemen on the other side, "Great Britain intends you no harm; she did not mean to impress you, but one of her own subjects; having taken you by mistake, I will remonstrate, and try to prevail upon her, by peaceable means, to release you; but I can not, *my son,* fight for you."

5. If he did not consider this mere mockery, the poor tar would address her judgment and say, "You owe me, my country, protection; I owe you, in return, obedience. I am no British subject; I am a native of old Massachusetts, where lived my aged father, my wife, my children. I have faithfully discharged my duty. Will you refuse to do yours?" I will not imagine the dreadful catastrophe to which he would be driven by an abandonment of him to his oppressor. It will not be, it can not be, that his country will refuse him protection.

6. An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we triumphed over her once, and if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but if we fail, let us fail like men, lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle.

Definitions.—1. In vī o la bĭl′i ty, *sacredness.* Al lē′ġiançe, *the duty which one owes to a government or state. It is the recognition of the binding relationship toward a superior.* Er rō′ne oŭs, *wrong, unjust.* 2. In eŭm′bent, *imposed; lying or resting upon as a duty.* 3. Trō′phieș, *those things preserved as memorials of victory.* 4. Re mŏn′strāte, *to present strong reasons against an act. Remonstrance is an appeal to the case in point, and indirectly to the person's sense of its injustice. We remonstrate when we set forth in the strongest terms the danger of continuing in the present course.* 6. Haugh′ty, *bold, overproud.*

18. BANISHMENT OF CATALINE.[1]

REV. GEORGE CROLY (1780–1860) was born in Ireland, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Croly was for many years rector of St. Stephen's in London, where his varied learning and intense zeal, combined with a fair share of literary gifts, made him noted as a preacher. He was a voluminous writer in many fields of literature. His best works are *The Angel of the World*, *Cataline*, and *Salathiel*, a romance. In his later works Dr. Croly attained his highest intellectual flights; but he was rarely tender and affectionate, and his cold and stately style repels readers of the present day.

Cicero.[2] OUR long dispute must close.
Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. Lucius Cataline
Has been commanded to attend the Senate.
He dare not come. I now demand your votes;
Is he condemned to exile?

[*Cataline enters.*]

Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men,
Of treasons manifold; that, but this day
He has received despatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul[3]
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops
And raised his rebel standard; that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Cataline. Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk: 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges—Romans—slaves!

His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cic. (*Interrupting him.*) Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn to hide my sense of wrong;
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us
But lives in peril of his midnight sword;
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

[*An officer enters with letters for* CICERO; *who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate.*]

Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof as clear as daylight, here it is!
Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces; a solemn league
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up; Rome shakes!
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here! The name of Cataline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome!

Cat. (*Rising.*) Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters—take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. (*To an officer.*) Give up the record of his banishment.

[*The officer gives it to the consul in the chair.*]

Cat. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor"! Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour,
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks,
He dares not touch a hair of Cataline.

The Consul. (*Reads.*) "Lucius Sergius Cataline: By the decree of the Senate you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."
Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. (*Furious.*) "Traitor"!—I go—but I return.
This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
So stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions; look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus![8]—all shames and crimes;

Now Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

The Senators. Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the senate house!

Cat. I go, but not to leap the gulf alone,
I go—but where I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! I will return!

Definitions.—Lēa*g*ued, *combined, united with. It is from a French word meaning* to bind. *The word league is commonly used of a combination of weak forces to resist stronger.* Lĕv'ied, *raised, collected.* Rītes, *solemn ceremonies of a religious or political nature.* Pro scrĭp'tion, *the offer of a reward for the head of an enemy.* Lĭe'tor*s*, *officers whose duties it was to attend the magistrates of Rome, and to punish criminals. They bore axes bound in rods, called fasces, as emblems of their office.* Prŏv o cā'tion, *that which excites anger. To provoke implies the awakening of some decided expression of anger.* Păr'ri çīde, *one who murders a parent, or one to whom reverence is due. This latter definition is the meaning of the text.*

NOTES.—1. *Cataline* was of a noble Roman family, but was thoroughly depraved. After being banished from Rome he marched toward Gaul, but in an engagement with the Roman general who pursued him, Cataline and his whole army were slain, B. C. 62.

2. *Cicero*, who, as Consul, secured Cataline's banishment and saved the city, was the greatest of the orators of Rome.

3. *Gaul*, the ancient name of France.

4. *Tartarus*, according to the ancient Greeks, a place as far below Hades as Heaven is above the earth, where the spirits of the wicked were said to be punished.

19. THE CUP OF WATER.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE (1823-18—) was born in England. In 1844 *Abbey-church*, her first work, appeared; and in 1853 *The Heir of Redclyffe*, her most finished and popular work. It passed rapidly through many editions, and was translated into several languages. *The Daisy Chain*, scarcely less popular, was written three years later, and has been followed by *Landmarks of History*, *A Modern Telemachus*, and *A Book of Golden Deeds*, from which the following is taken. Miss Yonge's books are written with grace and spirit, in a healthful, religious tone.

I.

1. No touch in the history of the minstrel-king David[1] gives us a more warm and personal feeling towards him than his longing for the water at the well of Bethlehem. Standing as the incident does in the summary of the characters of his mighty men, it is apt to appear to us as if it had taken place in his latter days; but such is not the case—it befell while he was still under thirty, in the time of his persecution by Saul.

2. It was when the last attempt at reconciliation with the king had been made, when the affectionate parting with the generous and faithful Jonathan had taken place, when Saul was hunting him like a partridge on the mountains on the one side, and the Philistines had nearly taken his life on the other, that David, outlawed yet loyal at the heart, sent his aged parents to the land of Moab for refuge, and himself took up his abode in the caves of the wild limestone hills that had become familiar to him when he was a shepherd.

3. Brave captain and Heaven-destined king as he was, his name attracted round him a motley group of those that were in distress, or in debt, or discontented, and among them were the "mighty men" whose brave deeds won them the foremost parts in the army with which David was to fulfill the ancient promises to his people. There were his three nephews, Joab the ferocious and imperious, the chival-

rous Abishai, and Asahel, the fleet of foot; there was the warlike Levite Benaiah, who slew lions and lion-like men, and others who, like David himself, had done battle with the gigantic sons of Anak.

4. Yet even these valiant men, so wild and lawless, could be kept in check by the voice of their young captain; and, outlaws as they were, they spoiled no peaceful villages, they lifted not their hands against the persecuting monarch, and the neighboring farms lost not one lamb through their violence. Some at least listened to the song of their warlike minstrel:—

Come, ye chidren, and hearken to me,
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that lusteth to live,
And would fain see good days?
Let him refrain his tongue from evil
And his lips that they speak no guile;
Let him eschew evil and do good,
Let him seek peace and ensue it.

5. With such strains as these, sung to his harp, the warrior gained the hearts of his men to enthusiastic love, and gathered followers on all sides, among them eleven fierce men of Gad, with faces like lions and feet swift as roes, who swam the Jordan in time of flood, and fought their way to him, putting all enemies in the valleys to flight.

6. But the eastern sun burnt on the bare rocks. A huge fissure, opening in the mountain ridge, encumbered at the bottom with broken rocks, with precipitous banks, scarcely affording a footing for the wild goats—such is the spot where, upon a cleft on the steep precipice, still remain the foundations of the "hold," or tower, believed to have been David's retreat; and near at hand is the low-browed entrance of the galleried cave, alternating between narrow passages and spacious halls, but all oppressively hot and close.

7. Waste and wild, without a bush or a tree, in the feverish atmosphere of Palestine, it was a desolate region, and at

length the wanderer's heart fainted in him as he thought of his own home, with its rich and lovely terraced slopes, green with wheat, trellised with vines, and clouded with gray olive, and of the cool cisterns of living water by the gate of which he loved to sing—

> He shall feed me in a green pasture,
> And lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

His parched, longing lips gave utterance to the sigh, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate!"

8. Three of his brave men, apparently Abishai, Benaiah, and Eleazar, heard the wish. Between their mountain fastness and the dearly-loved spring lay the host of the Philistines; but their love for their leader feared no enemies. It was not only water that he longed for, but the water from the fountain which he had loved in his childhood. They descended from their chasm, broke through the midst of the enemy's army, and drew the water from the favorite spring, bearing it back once again through the foe, to the tower upon the rock.

9. Deeply moved was their chief at this act of self-devotion—so much moved that the water seemed to him too sacred to be put to his own use. "May God forbid it me that I should do this thing. Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy, for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it?" And, as a hallowed and precious gift, he poured out unto the Lord the water obtained at the price of such peril to his followers.

II.

1. In later times we meet with another hero who, by his personal qualities, inspired something of the same enthusiastic attachment as did David, and who met with an advent-

ure somewhat similar, showing the like nobleness of mind on the part of both leader and followers.

2. It was Alexander of Macedon,[2] whose character as a man, with all its dark shades of violence, rage, and profanity, has a nobleness and sweetness that win our hearts, while his greatness rests on a far broader basis than that of his conquests, though they are unrivaled. No one else so gained the love of the conquered, had such wide and comprehensive views for the amelioration of the world, or rose so superior to the prejudice of race; nor have any ten years left so lasting a trace upon the history of the world as those of his career.

3. It is not, however, of his victories that we are here to speak, but of his return march from the banks of the Indus,[3] in B. C. 326, when he had newly recovered from the severe wound which he had received under the fig-tree within the mud wall of the city of the Malli. This expedition was as much the exploration of a discoverer as the journey of a conqueror; and, at the mouth of the Indus, he sent his ships to survey the coasts of the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, while he himself marched along the shore of the province, then called Gedrosia, and now Mekhran.

4. It was a dismal tract. Above towered mountains of reddish-brown bare stone, treeless and without verdure, the scanty grass produced in the summer being burnt up long before September, the month of his march; and all the slope below was equally desolate slopes of gravel. The few inhabitants were called by the Greeks fish-eaters and turtle-eaters, because there was, apparently, nothing else to eat; and their huts were built of turtle-shells.

5. The recollections connected with the region were dismal. Semiramis[4] and Cyrus[5] were each said to have lost an army there through hunger and thirst; and these foes, the most fatal foes of the invader, began to attack the Greek host. Nothing but the discipline and all-pervading influence

of Alexander could have borne his army through. Speed was their sole chance; and through the burning sun, over the arid rock, he stimulated their steps with his own high spirit of unshrinking endurance, till he had dragged them through one of the most rapid and extraordinary marches of his wonderful career.

6. His own share in their privations was fully and freely taken; and once when, like the rest, he was faint with heat and deadly thirst, a small quantity of water, won with great fatigue and difficulty, was brought to him, he esteemed it too precious to be applied to his own refreshment, but poured it forth as a libation, lest, he said, his warriors should thirst the more when they saw him drink alone; and, no doubt, too, because he felt the exceeding value of that which was purchased by loyal love.

Definitions.—I. 2. Rĕe on çĭl i ā′tion, *renewal of friendship; a reconstruction of the former good will existing between persons.* 3. Mŏt′ley, *composed of many kinds.* 4. Es chew′, *to shun; to keep one's self clear of.* 5. Rōe, *the female of the deer.* 9. Jĕop′-ard y, *danger, peril. Both these definitions are proper as here used, because both refer to man; but peril is not applicable to merchandise. Thus we say a man is in* danger *as to his property, and in* peril *as to his life.* II. 2. A mēl io rā′tion, *improvement, betterment.* 5. Ăr′id, *exhausted of moisture.* 6. Lĭ bā′ton, *the pouring forth of water or liquor as a religious offering.*

NOTES.—1. See the first book of *Samuel*, beginning at the twentieth chapter. 2. *Alexander of Macedon*, born B. C. 356, died B. C. 323. He conquered the then known world before he was thirty. 3. *Indus*, a river of India. 4. *Se mir′a mis*, Queen, born about B. C. 2000. She was one of the most successful rulers of the ancient world. 5. *Cyrus the Great*, king of Persia, died about B. C. 529.

20. NEW ENGLAND.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–18—) was born in Massachusetts. In early life he worked on the farm and at the shoemaker's bench; but later he devoted himself to literary work, and particularly to social and political reforms. He was one of the active leaders of the Anti-slavery society, and edited their paper. Mr. Whittier's broad and deep sympathies with all human beings, his keen appreciation of all that is characteristic in American life, his love of natural scenery and rural life, and his mastery of pure English, have made his writings very popular. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of Mr. Whittier's services in forming the thought of his time.

1. LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born
Or mark the stranger's jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,

And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

2. Oh! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France,
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillared fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green, luxuriant ivy climb;
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons may stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade;
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

Definitions.—1. Măr'tyr, *one who gives his life for the sake of a principle or to sustain a cause.* Re ẹnt'ment, *displeasure, anger. It seeks to make itself felt, and may be more or less lasting. It implies a personal feeling.* 2. Fāne, *a temple; a place devoted to religion.* Băn'yan, *a tree whose branches drop shoots to the ground, which take root and form new stocks till they cover a vast space.*

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21. A HORSE-CAR INCIDENT.

B. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington), (1814–18—), was born in New Hampshire. He worked at the case as a compositor in various places in his native State, in South America, and in Boston, Mass., and in 1847 began to contribute the Partington Sayings to the *Post* of the latter city. Later he edited the *Carpet Bag*, a humorous paper with contributions from Charles G. Eastman, John G. Saxe, and Artemus Ward. *Rhymes With Reason and Without*, and *The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, are his best known works.

1. THERE were the usual passengers in the car– the respectable people going out of town who were reading the last editions of the papers, the women who had been shopping, the servant-girls who had been in to visit their friends, feeling no interest in one another and all absorbed in their own reflections, as I was. I was thinking seriously, when my eye was attracted by some glittering object on the floor, beneath the opposite seat.

2. Of course everybody is attracted by glitter. A piece of glass in the moonlight may seem a diamond, and show is far ahead of substance in influencing men, from the illusion which affects short-sighted vision. Thus this glittering object. What was it?—a diamond pin dropped by a former passenger? No, it could not be this, because it appeared to be round, and bigger than a pin-stone should be. Could it be a bracelet? No, for it was too small. I directed my gaze more earnestly toward it in my doubt, and saw that it

was a *quarter*, bright and sparkling with the freshness of new mint about it—so it seemed.

3. This I determined to make mine at the first chance. It soon came. The bell rang, and the lady opposite, with her arms full of bundles, walked out, leaving the object of my ardent regard more distinctly in view. It seemed to me that every one in the car had an eye on that quarter, which I felt was mine by right of discovery, and which I was determined to have.

4. As the coach started I rose and fairly tumbled over into the just-vacated seat, taking care to drop in such a way as to screen the glittering bait. I looked at my fellow-passengers, and found that all were staring at me, as if they were reading my secret. The conductor had come inside the door and was looking at me, and a heavy gentleman on the same seat with me leaned far out on his cane, so that he could take in my whole person with his glance, as if I were a piece of property on which he had to estimate.

5. I felt my face burn, and a general discomfort seized me, as a man sometimes feels when he has done a wrong or a foolish act; though I could n't think the act I was about to perform was wrong, and no one could say it was foolish to get a quarter of a dollar at any time.

6. At last I stooped down as if to adjust something about my boot, and slipped the object of my solicitude into my hand unseen, as I believed.

"What is that?" asked the conductor.

"What 's what?" said I, with affected smartness.

"What you just found," he persisted.

"Prove that I have found any thing," said I, angrily.

7. "Young man," said the big man who was leaning on his cane, still looking at me, "it is as bad to lie about a thing as it is to steal. I saw you pick something up, and to me it had the appearance of money." He struck his cane on the floor, and grasped it firmer, as if to clinch his remark.

"Yes," said the conductor; "and we don't want to have any trouble about it; so hand over."

8. "My fine fellow," said I, prepared for a crisis, "I know my rights, and, without admitting that I have found any thing, I contend that if I had, in this public conveyance, which is as public as the street to him who pays for a ride in it, that which I find is mine after I have made due endeavor to find out its owner. Money being an article impossible to identify unless it is marked, if I had found it, it would have been mine according to Whately,[1] Lycurgus,[2] and Moses."[3]

9. "Hang your authorities," said he; "I don't know any thing about 'em, but this I know,—that money belongs to the Touchandgo Horse Railroad Company, and I 'll have it. Ain't I right, Mr. Diggs?" addressing a gentleman with glasses on, reading a paper.

"I think you are," replied he, looking at me over the top of his spectacles as if he were shooting from behind a breastwork; "I think the point is clear, and that it belongs to the company to advertise it and find out the owner."

10. "Well," I put in, "if they don't find the owner, who has it?"

"The company, I should think," said he, folding his paper preparatory to getting out.

"That 's it," said the conductor, taking up the thread as he put the passenger down; "and now I want that money." He looked ugly.

"What money?" I queried.

"The money you picked up on the floor."

11. I saw I was in a place of considerable difficulty, involving a row on one side and imputation of villainy on the other, and studied how to escape.

"Well," said I, "if in spite of the authorities I have quoted, you insist upon my giving this up which I hold in my hand,—the value of which I do not know,—I shall

protest against your act, and hold the company responsible."

12. The people in the car were much excited. The fat man on the seat had risen up, though still in sitting position, and balanced himself upon his toes to get a better view. I unclosed my hand and deposited in the conductor's a round piece of tin that had been punched out by some tinman and hammered smooth, bearing a close resemblance to money!

13. The disappointment of every one was intense. The conductor intimated that if he met me in society he would give me my money's worth, the fat man muttered something about "imposture," several lady passengers looked cross and vexed, and only one laughed heartily at the whole affair, as I did. It was a queer incident.

Definitions.—3. Är'dent, *intense, eager.* 6. Ad jŭst', *to put in order.* 7. Clĭnch, *to make conclusive.* 11. Ĭm pu tā'tion, *a charge.* 13. Ĭn'ti māt ed, *suggested in an indirect manner. To intimate is to express without fullness, yet with sufficient clearness to carry the intended meaning to the person addressed.*

NOTES.—1. *Archbishop Whately's* (1789–1863) treatise on Logic was long the standard authority on that subject. 2. *Lycurgus* lived in about the ninth century B. C. He was the first Spartan lawgiver. 3. *Moses* was the early leader and lawgiver of the Jews.

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22. FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

ROBERT FULTON (1765–1815), an American engineer and inventor, was born in Pennsylvania. He studied painting in America, England, and France with some success, but in 1793 he began the experiments which finally led to the steamboat, which was launched in 1807 as described in this selection. Its rate of progress was about five miles an hour. While Fulton was not the real inventor of the application of steam for propelling vessels, yet to him belongs the honor of making the first practical application of the principle.

1. WHEN I was building my first steamboat, the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indiffer-

ence or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet—

> "Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
> All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

2. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculations of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of "*the Fulton folly!*" Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

3. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification and not of my triumph.

4. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

5. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks

nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable.

6. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you so—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself on a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time.

7. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of a part of the work. In a short period it was obviated; the boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

8. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if, in any case, it could be made of any great value.

Definitions.—1. Vĭs'ion a ry, *having no solid foundation.* Ĭn-cre dū'li ty, *unbelief. Incredulity denotes the absence of belief when it is possible but not necessarily probable.* 2. Rĭd'i cūle, *laughter mingled with contempt.* 6. Ăg i tā'tion, *emotion, tremor.* 7. Rĕs'pite, *pause, interval of rest.* Măl for mā'tion, *having a wrong form.* Ŏb'vi āt ed, *corrected, done away with.*

NOTE.—The boat referred to in this selection was the famous *Clermont*, which was launched August 11th, 1807, and occupied thirty-two hours on the trip from New York to Albany. The success of the Clermont was followed by the rapid multiplication of steamboats.

23. LAKE MAHOPAC.

Mrs. CAROLINE M. SAWYER (1812–18—) was born in Massachusetts. Her education was conducted at home by her uncle, who, being an invalid and possessed of some means, was enabled to give his niece every opportunity for improvement. In 1832 she married Rev. T. J. Sawyer, and shortly after commenced her literary life. Mrs. Sawyer was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and made several translations from the French and German. This selection and *The Blind Girl* are her best-known poems.

1. LAKE of the soft and sunny hills,
   What loveliness is thine!
   Around thy fair, romantic shore
   What countless beauties shine!
   Shrined in their deep and hollow urn,
   Thy silver waters lie,—
   A mirror set in waving gems
   Of many a regal dye.

2. Like angel-faces in a dream,
   Bright isles upon thy breast,
   Veiled in soft robes of hazy light,
   In such sweet silence rest,
   The rustle of a bird's light wing,
   The shiver of the trees,
   The chime of waves, are all the sounds
   That freight the summer breeze.

3. Oh, beautiful it is along
   Thy silver wave to glide,
   And watch the ripples as they kiss
   Our tiny vessel's side;
   While ever round the dipping oar
   White curls the feathery spray,
   Or from its bright, suspended point
   Drips tinklingly away.

4. And pleasant to the heart it is
In those fair isles to stray,
Or Fancy's idle visions weave
Through all the golden day,
Where dark old trees, around whose stems
Caressing woodbines cling,
O'er mossy, flower-enamelled banks,
Their trembling shadows fling.

5. Oh, he who in his daily paths
A weary spirit bears,
Here in these peaceful solitudes
May he lay down his cares:
No echo from the restless world
Shall his repose invade,
Where the specters of the haunted heart
By Nature's self are laid.

NOTE.—*Lake Mahō'pac* is a beautiful lake in New York, fifty miles from New York City.

24. REGARD FOR POSTERITY.

1. THE benevolent regards and purposes of men in masses seldom can be supposed to extend beyond their own generation. They may look to posterity as an audience, may hope for its attention, and labor for its praise; they may trust to its recognition of unacknowleged merit, and demand its justice for contemporary wrong. But all this is mere selfishness, and does not involve the slightest regard to, or consideration of, the interest of those by whose numbers we would fain swell the circle of our flatterers, and by whose authority we would gladly support our presently disputed claims.

2. The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practicing present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions, but the successors of our pilgrimage.

3. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by any thing that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

4. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fullness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we

place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men can not benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

5. Nor is there, indeed, any present loss in such respect for futurity. Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes separate man from man and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test.

6. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See, this our fathers did for us."

7. For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold. Its glory is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy,—nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity.

Definitions.—1. Pos tĕr'i ty, *those who are descended from an ancestor.* Con tĕm'po ra ry, *occurring at the same time.* 2. Ef fĭ'cient ly, *properly.* Pĭl'grim age, *a journey to a fixed place rendered sacred by our affection for it. Here the word means the journey of our lives, or life in general.* 3. En tāil', *inherited trust.* 5. Ăt'tri būte, *properly a personal quality; that which is considered distinctly as belonging to one.*

25. GABRIEL VARDEN AND THE GOLDEN KEY.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870) was born in England. His first appearance as an author was in 1834, and upon the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* two years later, he found himself famous. He now published his novels and tales with great rapidity, and his industry ceased only with his death. He visited America twice, and was cordially welcomed. His most appreciative readers are to-day on this side of the Atlantic.

Dickens was the most popular novelist of his time; and though his fame is not what it once was, there are few such beautiful creations in literature as Sidney Carton, Little Nell, and Paul Dombey; while his humorous characterizations, though sometimes bordering on the grotesque, tend to a larger and more tolerant view of life. This selection is from *Barnaby Rudge*.

1. FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of every thing, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a copper-smith and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

2. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy." Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

3. It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of

any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

4. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window, and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. Toby looked on from a tall bench hard by, one beaming smile, from his broad, nut-brown face down to the slack-baked buckles on his shoes.

5. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison door. Rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter,—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty and restraint they would have left quadruple-locked forever.

Definitions.—2. Au'di ble, *capable of being heard.* 3. Splĕn'e-tic, *ill-humored, peevish.* 5. Jō'vi al: *this word denotes a tendency to keen enjoyment; hence, careless, jolly.*

26. HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–18—) was born in England. He published his first poem, *Pauline*, when twenty-one, and since that time has been a constant worker. He has traveled much, and the scenes of many of his poems and dramas are laid in far-away countries and in ancient times. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and from that time till her death, in 1861, lived mainly in Florence, Italy. By some Browning is thought to be insufferably dull; by others "the strongest man who has written verse since Milton." His meaning is sometimes obscure and his rhymes forced, but it is as a leader of thought that he is valued rather than as a melodious singer.

1. ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2. 'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dăm'freville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3. Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4. Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

5. "Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Brĕ'ton sailor pressed by Tour'ville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese'.

6. And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Mäl'ouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Sŏl'idor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here 's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

7. Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief."
Still the North wind, by God's grace,
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

8. So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor, pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance.
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
And he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

9. Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have, or my name's not Damfreville."

10. Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Crois'ic Point what is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whose I call the Belle Aurōre'!"
That he asked, and that he got, and—nothing more.

11. Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pilot nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

Definitions.—3. Stär'bōard, *the right side of a ship to a person looking forward.* Pōrt, *the left side of a ship to a person looking forward.* 6. Ŏff'ing, *that part of the sea at some distance from the shore where there is deep water, and ships do not need pilots.* Dĭs em bōgue', *to empty or pour out.* 9. E clĭpse', *to extinguish or put out.* 11. Wrăck, *wreck, ruin.*

NOTE.—This poem was written in 1867, and printed in 1871 to help the fund for the relief of Paris when besieged by the Germans.

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27. RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832) was a Scottish author of great popularity fifty years ago. He made a great success first with several volumes of poetry describing Scottish life in the days of chivalry. He then commenced a series of novels which were brought forth anonymously in rapid succession—the Waverly Novels. His writings brought him great wealth and much renown, but unfortunate business relations ruined him. He failed owing £150,000, or nearly $750,000. Although past the prime of life, he set to work with renewed zeal to pay off this great debt by literary labor. At the time of his death, which was hastened by overwork, he had paid the larger portion.

I.

1. "I PRAY thee, Walter," said one of the company, "cease thy raillery, which suits neither time nor place, and tell us who was at the gate just now."

"Doctor Masters, physician to her Grace in ordinary, sent by her especial orders to inquire after the Earl's health," answered Walter.

2. "Ha! what?" exclaimed Tracy, "that was no slight mark of favor; if the Earl can but come through he will

match with Leicester[1] yet. Is Masters with my lord at present?"

"Nay," replied Walter, "he is half way back to Greenwich by this time, and in high dudgeon."

3. Thou didst not refuse him admittance?" exclaimed Tracy.

"Thou wert not surely so mad?" ejaculated Blount.

"I refused him admittance as flatly, Blount, as you would refuse a penny to a blind beggar; as obstinately, Tracy, as thou didst ever deny access to a dun."

4. "Why, in the fiend's name, didst thou trust him to go to the gate?" said Blount to Tracy.

"It suited his years better than mine," answered Tracy; "but he has undone us all now thoroughly. My lord may live or die, he will never have a look of favor from her Majesty again."

5. "Nor the means of making fortunes for his followers," said the young gallant, smiling contemptuously:—"there lies the sore point, that will brook no handling. My good sirs, I sounded my lamentations over my lord somewhat less loudly than some of you; but when the point comes of doing him service, I will yield to none of you. Had this learned leech entered, think'st thou not there had been such a coil betwixt him and Tressilian's medicines, that not the sleeper only, but the very dead might have awakened? I know what larum belongs to the discord of doctors."

6. "And who is to take the blame of opposing the Queen's orders?" said Tracy; "for undeniably, Doctor Masters came with her Grace's positive commands to cure the Earl."

"I, who have done the wrong, will bear the blame," said Walter.

7. "Thus, then, off fly the dreams of court favor thou hast nourished," said Blount; "and despite all thy boasted art and ambition, Devonshire will see thee shine a true younger brother, fit to sit low at the board, carve turn about

with the chaplain, look that the hounds be fed, and see the squire's girths drawn when he goes a-hunting."

8. "Not so," said the young man, coloring, "not while Ireland and the Netherlands have wars, and not while the sea hath pathless waves. The rich west hath lands undreamed of, and Britain contains bold hearts to venture on the quest of them. Adieu for a space, my masters. I go to walk in the court and look to the sentinels."

9. Morning was well advanced when Tressilian, fatigued and overwatched, came down to the hall with the joyful intelligence that the Earl had awakened of himself, that he found his internal complaints much mitigated, and spoke with a cheerfulness, and looked round with a vivacity, which of themselves showed a material and favorable change had taken place. Tressilian at the same time commanded the attendance of one or two of his followers, to report what had passed during the night, and to relieve the watchers in the Earl's chamber.

10. When the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

11. "A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs, "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionary matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain. Come with me, Tracy, and come you, too, Master

Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices."

II.

1. THEY were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount—"the sun in heaven and the Thames on the earth."

2. "The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide."

"And this is all thou think'st—all thou carest—all thou deem'st—the use of the King of the Elements and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor catiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

3. "It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I would excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble—and by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs."

4. It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person.

5. "By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount.

"We were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

6. So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

7. At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

8. The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

9. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Elizabeth fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly.

10. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked without saying a word.

11. "Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drap-de-bure, which despises all colors."

12. "This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

13. Their discourse was here interrupted. "I am sent," said one of the band of Pensioners, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

14. "He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

15. So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—"Who would have thought this?" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, and returned to Deptford.

III.

1. THE young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge. The two rowers soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household.

2. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

3. "You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

4. "God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose——"

5. "Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction."

Walter modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

6. "How, boy!" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the Queen.

7. "It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances—what art thou?"

8. "A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse, upon a message to your Majesty."

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained, gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

9. "My Lord of Sussex," she said, "has taught us how to regard his messages, by the value he places upon ours. We

sent but this morning the physician in ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time. When he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness we will receive, at present at least, no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

10. This was said in a tone, and with a gesture, which made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. Walter trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the Queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied, "So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

11. "With what were you then charged, sir!" said the Queen; "was it with a justification or with a defiance?"

"Madam," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex knew the offense approached towards treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in your Majesty's hands, and at your mercy. The noble Earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician; and his Lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse your Majesty's royal and most comfortable message had received, until after he awoke this morning."

12. "And which of his domestics, then, in the name of heaven, presumed to reject my message without even admitting my own physician to the presence of him whom I sent him to attend?" said the Queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madam, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low; "the full and sole blame is mine."

13. "What! was it thou? thou, thyself, that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court? What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted, that is, whose exterior bearing shows devotion to his sovereign?"

14. "Madam," said the youth, "we say, in our country, that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his

patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, by whose advice he hath greatly profited, who had issued his commands that his patient should not that night be disturbed on the very peril of his life."

15. "Thy master hath trusted some false varlet of an empiric," said the Queen.

"I know not, madam, but by the fact that he is now—this very morning—awakened much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

16. The Queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert overbold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Know'st thou not that Holy Writ saith, 'in the multitude of counsel there is safety'?"

"Ay, madam," said Walter, "but I have heard learned men say, that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient."

17. "By my faith, child, thou hast pushed me home," said the Queen, laughing; "for my Hebrew learning does not come quite at a call. But, young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

18. "Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection, "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce however of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

19. "They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously. "You are very young to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters—the poor man hath caught cold on the river. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known."

Definitions.—I. 1. Rāil'lery, *jesting language.* 2. Dŭd'ġeon, *anger, ill-will.* 5. Lēech, *a physician, a doctor.* Lăr'um, *alarm.* 7. Gĭrth, *the band or strap by which the saddle is fastened to the body of a horse.* 9. Mĭt'i gāt ed, *relieved.* 11. Cartĕl', *a written challenge to a duel.* II. 2. Ĕbb, *the return of tide-water toward the sea.* 4. Rĕt'i nūe, *the body of attendants waiting upon a distinguished person. Strictly it denotes only the retained or engaged followers.* 5. Jĕr'kin, *a jacket or short coat.* 7. Pĕn'sion ers, *the attendants waiting upon the sovereigns of England. They receive a small annual sum for their services. It is an office of honor rather than reward.* 11. Wŏt, *to know, to be aware.* Drap de bure (drä de būre'), *a cloak made for use in all seasons. It was fastened to the shoulders and fell below the thigh.* III. 2. Whĕr'ry, *a light boat, long and narrow, pointed at both ends.* 3. Liēġe'man, *a subject.* 11. Trēa'son, *disloyalty, treachery. Treason is the highest crime known to society, for it is fatal to government, and tends to anarchy.* Pō'tion, *dose, usually liquid.* 15. Em pĭr'ic, *one whose skill or knowledge depends upon experience without scientific principle. It is generally applied, as in the text, to a doctor.* 19. Pĕn'ançe, *punishment.*

NOTES.—*Robert Dudley* (1532–1588), earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. This selection forms part of the novel of *Kenilworth*, one of the most popular of Scott's works. *Raleigh* advanced rapidly in the esteem of Elizabeth from the date of this story, and named his American colony, Virginia, in her honor. Upon the accession of James II. to the British throne he fell into disgrace, was confined in prison for twelve years, and was beheaded in 1618.

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28. HOME.

1. DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily
   Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
   Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
   Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
   King, king, crown me the king;
   Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king;

2. Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

3. Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

4. Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words can not measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearth-stone can sing,
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

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29. THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

GEORGE BANCROFT (1800–18—) was born in Massachusetts. He studied in this country and in Germany under the best teachers. In 1822 he returned to the United States, where he taught school several years. In 1846 he was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and from that time till 1874 filled some of the highest offices within the gift of the government, representing this country at foreign courts, and executing with marked ability the most delicate missions. His great literary work is the *History of the United States*, the first volume published in 1834, and the last in 1874. It is one of the most philosophical treatises in the whole range of history, and has received the sanction of the most eminent critics both in America and in Europe.

1. THE people of the county of Mecklenburg had carefully observed the progress of the controversy with Britain;

and during the winter, political meetings had repeatedly been held in Charlotte. That town had been chosen for the seat of the Presbyterian college, which the legislature of North Carolina had chartered, but which the king had disallowed; and it was the center of the culture of that part of the province. The number of houses in the village was not more than twenty; but the district was already well settled by herdsmen who lived apart on their farms.

2. Some time in May, 1775, they received the news of the address which in the preceding February had been presented to the king by both houses of parliament, and which declared the American colonies to be in a state of actual rebellion. This was to them the evidence that the crisis in American affairs was come, and the people proposed among themselves to abrogate all dependence on the royal authority. But the militia companies were sworn to allegiance; and "how," it was objected, "can we be absolved from our oath?" "The oath," it was answered, "binds only while the king protects."

3. At the instance of Thomas Polk, the commander of the militia of the county, two delegates from each company were called together in Charlotte, as a representative committee. Before their consultations had ended, the message of the innocent blood shed at Lexington came up from Charleston, and inflamed their zeal. They were impatient that their remoteness forbade their direct activity; had it been possible, they would have sent a hundred bullocks from their fields to the poor of Boston. No minutes of the committee are known to exist, but the result of their deliberations, framed with superior skill, precision of language, and calm comprehensiveness, remains as a monument of their wisdom and their courage.

4. Of the delegates to that memorable assembly, the name of Ephraim Brevard should be remembered with honor by his countrymen. He was one of a numerous family of pa-

triot brothers, and himself in the end fell a martyr to the public cause. Trained in the college at Princeton, ripened among the brave Presbyterians of Middle Carolina, he digested the system which was then adopted, and which formed in effect a declaration of independence, as well as a complete system of government.

5. "All laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the king or parliament," such are the bold but well-considered words of these daring statesmen, "are annulled and vacated; all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown to be exercised in the colonies, are void; the provincial congress of each province, under the direction of the great continental congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within the respective provinces, and no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time, in any part of these colonies.

6. "As all former laws are now suspended in this province, and the congress has not yet provided others, we judge it necessary for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the internal government of this county, until laws shall be provided for us by the congress."

7. In accordance with these principles, the freemen of the county formed themselves into nine military companies, and elected their own officers. Judicial powers were conferred on men to be singled out by the vote of the companies, two from each of them; the whole number of eighteen constituting a court of appeal. The tenure alike of military and civil officers was "the pleasure of their several constituents." All public and county taxes, all quitrents to the crown were sequestered; and it was voted that persons receiving new commissions from the king, or exercising old ones, should be dealt with as enemies of the country.

8. The resolves were binding on all, and were to be en-

forced till the provincial congress should provide otherwise, or, what they knew would never take place, till the British parliament should resign its arbitrary pretensions with respect to America. At the same time the militia companies were directed to provide themselves with arms, and Thomas Polk and Joseph Kenedy were specially appointed to purchase powder, lead, and flints.

9. Before the month of May had come to an end, the resolutions were signed by Ephraim Brevard, as clerk of the committee, and were adopted by the people with the determined enthusiasm which springs from the combined influence of the love of liberty and of religion. Thus was Mecklenburg county, in North Carolina, separated from the British empire. The resolves were transmitted with all haste to be printed in Charleston, and as they spread through the South, they startled the royal governors of Georgia and North Carolina. They were despatched by a messenger to the Continental Congress, that the world might know their authors had renounced their allegiance to the king of Great Britain, and had constituted a government for themselves.

10. The messenger stopped on his way to Salisbury, and there, to a crowd round the court-house, the resolves were read and approved. The western counties were the most populous part of North Carolina; and the royal governor had flattered himself and the king with the fullest assurances of their support. "I have no doubt," said he, "that I might command their best services at a word on any emergency. I consider I have the means in my own hands to maintain the sovereignty of this country to my royal master in all events." And now he was obliged to transmit the deliberate, consistent, and well-considered resolutions of Mecklenburg, which he described as the boldest of all, "most traitorously declaring the dissolution of the laws and constitution, and setting up a system of rule and regulation subversive of his Majesty's government."

Definitions.—3. Pre çĭs'ion, *exactness, accuracy.* Com pre hĕn'-sĭve ness, *the quality of including much.* 5. An nŭlled', *done away with; of no effect.* Void, *having no binding force.* 7. Tĕn'ūre, *the act or right of holding.* Con stĭt'ū ents, *those who elect a person to an office.* Quĭt'rĕnt, *a rent reserved in certain grants of land, by the payment of which the tenant is released from all other service.* Se quĕs'tered, *withheld from the owner.* 10. E mĕr'-gen çy, *a sudden occasion which calls for immediate action.* Sub-vĕr'sive, *tending toward overthrow.*

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30. GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864) was born in Massachusetts. His first book, *Fanshaw*, published in 1828, was a failure; and *Twice Told Tales*, published in 1837, waited long for the recognition which was its due. In 1854 appeared *The Scarlet Letter*, "a romance of intense interest, and exhibiting extraordinary powers of mental analysis and graphic description"; and a year later *The House of the Seven Gables*, one of his most popular books, but inferior to the *Scarlet Letter* in literary finish and in the development of plot. The *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *The Marble Faun*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Dolliver Romance* are also among the most admired productions of this gifted author. Hawthorne had the happy gift of throwing a charm over the most commonplace subjects, and while his writings as a whole are weird, they seldom overstep the bounds of probability. He was calm and philosophical, and was, without doubt, one of the most original men America ever produced.

1. THE lamp had grown so dim that its light hardly illuminated the alabaster shade. The wood fire had crumbled into heavy embers, among which the little flames danced and quivered and sported about like fairies.

2. And here sat Grandfather all by himself. He knew that it was bed-time; yet he could not help longing to hold a comfortable chat with some old friend, because then his pillow would be visited by pleasant dreams. Grandfather

leaned back in the great chair and closed his eyes, for the sake of meditating more profoundly; and when Grandfather's meditations had grown very profound indeed, he fancied that he heard a sound over his head, as if somebody were preparing to speak.

"Hem!" it said, in a dry, husky tone. "H-e-m! Hem!"

3. As Grandfather did not know that any person was in the room, he started up in great surprise, and peeped hither and thither, behind the chair, and into the recess by the fireside, and at the dark nook yonder near the book-case. Nobody could he see.

"Pooh!" said Grandfather to himself, "I must have been dreaming!"

4. But, just as he was going to resume his seat, Grandfather looked at the great chair. The rays of firelight were flickering upon it in such a manner that it really seemed as if its oaken frame were all alive. What! Did it not move its elbow? There, too! It certainly lifted one of its ponderous fore-legs as if it had a notion of drawing itself a little nearer to the fire. Meanwhile the lion's head nodded at Grandfather with as polite and sociable a look as a lion's visage, carved in oak, could possibly be expected to assume. Well, this is strange!

5. "Good evening, my old friend," said the dry and husky voice, now a little clearer than before. "We have been intimately acquainted so long that I think it high time we have a chat together."

6. Grandfather was looking straight at the lion's head, and could not be mistaken in supposing that it moved its lips. So here the mystery was all explained.

7. "I was not aware," said Grandfather, with a civil salutation to his oaken companion, "that you possessed the faculty of speech. Otherwise I should often have been glad to converse with such a solid, useful, and substantial, if not brilliant member of society."

8. "Oh!" replied the ancient chair, in a quiet and easy tone, for it had now cleared its throat of the dust of ages, "I am naturally a silent and incommunicative sort of character. Once or twice in the course of a century I unclose my lips. When the gentle Lady Arabella[1] departed this life I uttered a groan. When the honest mint-master weighed his plump daughter against the pine-tree shillings,[2] I chuckled audibly at the joke. When old Simon Bradstreet took the place of the tyrant Andros I joined in the general huzza, and capered on my wooden legs for joy. To be sure, the bystanders were so fully occupied with their own feelings that my sympathy was quite unnoticed."

9. "And have you often held a private chat with your friends?" asked Grandfather.

"Not often," answered the chair. "I once talked with Sir William Phips, and communicated my ideas about the witchcraft delusion. Cotton Mather had several conversations with me, and derived great benefit from my historical reminiscences. In the days of the Stamp Act I whispered in the ear of Hutchinson, bidding him to remember what stock his countrymen were descended of, and to think whether the spirit of their forefathers had utterly departed from them. The last man whom I favored with a colloquy was that stout old republican Samuel Adams."[3]

"And how happens it," inquired Grandfather, "that there is no record or tradition of your conversational abilities? It is an uncommon thing to meet with a chair that can talk."

10. "Why, to tell you the truth," said the chair, giving itself a hitch nearer to the hearth, "I am not apt to choose the most suitable moments for unclosing my lips. Sometimes I have inconsiderately begun to speak when my occupant, lolling back in my arms, was inclined to take an afterdinner nap. Or perhaps the impulse to talk may be felt at midnight when the lamp burns dim and the fire crumbles into decay,

and the studious or thoughtful man finds that his brain is in a mist. Oftenest I have unwisely uttered my wisdom in the ears of sick persons, when the inquietude of fever makes them toss about upon my cushion. And so it happens, that though my words make a pretty strong impression at the moment, yet my auditors invariably remember them only as a dream. I should not wonder if you, my excellent friend, were to do the same to-morrow morning."

11. "Nor I, either," thought Grandfather to himself. However, he thanked this respectable old chair for beginning the conversation, and begged to know whether it had any thing particular to communicate.

"I have been listening attentively to your narrative of my adventures," replied the chair; "and it must be owned that your correctness entitles you to be held up as a pattern to biographers. Nevertheless there are a few omissions which I should be glad to see supplied. For instance, you made no mention of the good knight Sir Richard Saltonstall,[4] nor of the famous Hugh Peter,[5] nor of those old regicide judges, Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell.[6] Yet I have borne the weight of all those distinguished characters at one time or another."

12. Grandfather promised amendment if ever he should have an opportunity to repeat his narrative. The good old chair, which still seemed to retain a due regard for outward appearance, then reminded him how long a time had passed since it had been provided with a new cushion. It likewise expressed the opinion that the oaken figures on its back would show to much better advantage by the aid of a little varnish.

"And I have had a complaint in this joint," continued the chair, endeavoring to lift one of its legs, "ever since Charley trundled his wheel-barrow against me."

13. "It shall be attended to," said Grandfather. "And now, venerable chair, I have a favor to solicit. During an existence of more than two centuries you have had a familiar

intercourse with men who were esteemed the wisest of their day. Doubtless, with your capacious understanding you have treasured up many an invaluable lesson of wisdom. You certainly have had time enough to guess the riddle of life. Tell us, poor mortals, then, how we may be happy."

14. The lion's head fixed its eyes thoughtfully upon the fire, and the whole chair assumed an aspect of deep meditation. Finally it beckoned to Grandfather with its elbow, and made a step sideways towards him, as if it had a very important subject to communicate.

15. "As long as I have stood in the midst of human affairs," said the chair, with a very oracular enunciation, "I have constantly observed that JUSTICE, TRUTH, and LOVE are the chief ingredients of every happy life."

16. "Justice, Truth, and Love!" exclaimed Grandfather. "We need not exist two centuries to find out that these qualities are essential to our happiness. This is no secret. Every human being is born with the instinctive knowledge of it."

17. "Ah!" replied the chair, drawing back in surprise. "From what I have observed of the dealings of man with man, and nation with nation, I never should have suspected that they knew this all-important secret. And, with this eternal lesson written in your soul, do you ask me to sift new wisdom for you out of my petty existence of two or three centuries?"

18. "But, my dear chair——" said Grandfather.

"Not a word more," interrupted the chair; "here I close my lips for the next hundred years. At the end of that period, if I shall have discovered any new precepts of happiness better than what Heaven has already taught you, they shall assuredly be given to the world."

19. In the energy of its utterance the oaken chair seemed to stamp its foot, and trod (we hope unintentionally) upon Grandfather's toe. The old gentleman started, and found

that he had been asleep in the great chair, and that his heavy walking-stick had fallen down across his foot.

Definitions.—2. Měd'i tāt ing, *musing, thinking.* 4. Pŏn'der oŭs, *heavy.* 7. Făc'ul ty, *gift.* 8. In eom mū'ni ea tĭve, *not disposed to talk a great deal.* 9. Rĕm i nĭs'çençe, *the recalling of single circumstances.* Cŏl'lo quy, *the mutual discourse of two or more.* 11. Bī ŏg'ra pher, *one who writes an account of the life of a particular person.* Rĕg'i çīde, *one who kills a king.* 15. O răc'ū lar, *positive.* 18. Prē'çept, *direction to be followed.*

NOTES.—1. The *Lady Arabella*, a character mentioned in chapter two of *Grandfather's Chair.* 2. *Captain Hull* gave his son-in-law the weight of his daughter in silver as a wedding present. 3. *Simon Bradstreet, Sir William Phips, Cotton Mather, Thomas Hutchinson,* and *Samuel Adams* were famous New Englanders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 4. *Sir Richard Saltonstall* was one of the five proprietors of the Massachusetts Colony. 5. *Hugh Peter* was a celebrated English preacher. 6. *Whalley, Goffe,* and *Dixwell* were three of the judges who tried Charles I. of England (1649).

31. A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT (1811–18—) was born in England. After completing his education, he spent several years in travel, and finally (1842) made his home in New Zealand, rapidly attaining political influence. In 1862 he became the head of the government of that country. He retired from public life in 1871, and is now living in England. His poems are numerous, and the following selection may be taken as a fair example of his powers.

1. IT was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars[1]

Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

2. 'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

3. Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

4. Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,—
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
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that he had been asleep in the great chair, and that his heavy walking-stick had fallen down across his foot.

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How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,—
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

5. It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given:
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

NOTES.—1. Gods of the ancients: *Apollo* was the god of music; *Pallas* (the *Minerva* of the Romans) was goddess of wisdom. She was not born like others, but sprang forth fully armed from the brain of Jove. *Jove*, the supreme deity of the Romans, ruler of gods and men. *Mars* was the Roman god of war.

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32. THE AURORA BOREALIS.

1. IT is a lovely evening in spring or autumn. The light is fast fading away in the west, and one star after another comes out of the azure sky. Suddenly a peculiar, vibrating luminosity appears high up in the north-east, now with a soft, purple tinge, and now diffused with long, narrow streamers, reaching to the Pole star or beyond. It is wafted to and fro like a curtain before a light breeze, and its light becomes more and more intense as night spreads her dark veil over the sky.

2. Suddenly the luminous cloud is furrowed from one end to another by a bunch of streamers, the lower, emerald-green ends of which rest almost on the horizon, while the upper, diffuse points, which flame with a purple luster, reach right up to the zenith. Streamer oscillates by streamer, more and

more follow, and, with a rapidity almost startling, the aurora expand westwards, and, shortly after, the whole northern sky is a bath of fire.

3. Like a curtain woven of light and color, the streamers hang fairy-like in the air; here and there they form large, graceful folds and sway to and fro in wonderful beauty, as if the wind played on the radiating drapery. Red and green play alternately in the lower border of the curtain. For a few minutes longer the marvelous play of light lasts, and the varying forms, colors, and motions charm the mind as much as the eye; the forces are then exhausted, the lovely picture grows more and more obscure, and the forms are dissolved into large, soft clouds of light, covering nearly the entire northern half of the heavens.

4. Down by the horizon there is still, however, great activity, as here a couple of arcs have formed, the constant-changing play of which enchains the spectator during the *entr acte* between the past and coming scene of the sublime drama which Nature performs on the great stage of heaven: now faint, then strong, soon symmetrical, soon serpent-like, in one moment split into three or four arcs, and again gathering into one, now woven with all the lovely colors of the rainbow, now throwing forth rays and resembling the ornamental pipes in an enormous organ,—such is the spectacle I gaze on.

5. At this moment a narrow white streamer suddenly leaps up from the horizon in the east, and a similar one appears in the west; they both grow rapidly in length, their points meet, and a grand arc spans the sky right above the observer. Simultaneously two long and broad sheafs of streamers, woven of white and red filaments, develop at the bases of the arc. The luminosities in the northern sky again catch fire, and soon after the whole heaven in the north is again ablaze.

6. Quicker and quicker the motions become, and intenser

the colors, higher and higher the streamers travel, the points approaching the great arc, which is moving slowly southwards. Other groups of streamers form at greater altitudes in east and west, and the luminous masses cover more and more of the sky. Now a number of white bands suddenly appear overhead, shoot right across the sky from east to west, and then rush southwards and vanish.

7. By this time the luminous masses have crossed the zenith, the points of the streamers meet in a spot high in the southern sky, while in the east and west the sphere of the streamers moves gradually southwards. A wonderful spectacle is now presented to view. In every direction the whole sky is covered with bunches of streamers, all of which point to this spot—the magnetic zenith—and transform the vault of heaven into one gigantic, lustrous cupola, the beauty of which no pen can describe, no brush depict.

8. All the marvelous *nuances* of color of the rainbow contribute to ornament the vault; here is the tender green of the emerald, the grand purple of the ruby, and the charming blue of the sapphire, all blended together in a thousand shades. Here gambol a flock of yellow-green flames, and there mighty pillars rise as if to support the luminous vault, while yonder the sky is covered with a transparent drapery shot with red, behind which dazzling white streamers stand forth. It is the auroral Corona.

9. A lovelier spectacle is not given the human eye to behold; he who has not seen it can not form an idea of its magnificence—it defies description. For a moment the glorious, luminous vault remains thus in majestic beauty; then the supporting arches tremble for a moment, and fall; the faint light-clouds remaining in the southern sky vanish, and the aurora recedes to the northern sky. Here the streaming and play of color continues for a while in manifold variation; but the area of the luminosity grows smaller and smaller, and moves steadily downwards to the horizon.

10. A remarkable phenomenon now occurs in the soft luminosities, which still stand high in the northern sky; they appear to leap upwards with the rapidity of lightning, and then disappear; in several other spots similar clouds come forward and chase each other over the sky. The eye is hardly able to follow their strange gambols. Again the streamers grow in length, the light-clouds cease their play, and once more the streamers approach the zenith. But now they do not cross it; they remain in majestic rest for a few seconds, and then slowly disappear.

Definitions.—1. Lū mi nŏs'i ty, *brightness. Luminous is applied to those bodies which emit light as distinguished from those which only reflect it.* Wâft'ed, *blown, moved.* 2. Zē'nith, *that point in the heavens immediately above one.* Ŏs'çil lāte, *to move backward and forward.* 4. Sym mĕt'ric al, *having all parts in proper proportion.* 5. Fĭl'a ment, *a small, thread-like object.* 10. Phe nŏm'e nŏn, *an unusual appearance whose cause is not at once known.*

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33. THE FOREST LIFE.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–18—), historian, was born in Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard when twenty-one years of age. While in college he chose the history of the conflict between the French and the English for supremacy in America as his life work, and brought to the subject a wide reading and a special aptitude for the work. Eight volumes have been published. He has personally visited the scenes of the events which he describes, and writes with clearness and force. Mr. Parkman is also the author of a book of travel, *The California and Oregon Trail*, and of a novel, *Vassall Morton*, besides contributing to the periodical literature of the day.

1. To look back with a fond longing to inhospitable deserts, where men, beasts, and nature herself seem arrayed in arms, and where ease, security, and all that civilization reckons among the goods of life are alike cut off, may ap-

pear to argue some strange perversity or moral malformation. Yet such has been the experience of many a sound and healthful mind.

2. To him who has once tasted the reckless independence, the haughty self-reliance, the sense of irresponsible freedom which the forest life engenders, civilization thenceforth seems flat and stale. Its pleasures are insipid, its pursuits wearisome, its conventionalities, duties, and mutual dependence alike tedious and disgusting. The entrapped wanderer grows fierce and restless, and pants for breathing-room.

3. His path, it is true, was choked with difficulties, but his body and soul were hardened to meet them; it was beset with dangers, but these were the very spice of his life, gladdening his heart with exulting self-confidence, and sending the blood through his veins with a livelier current. The wilderness, rough, harsh, and inexorable, has charms more potent in their seductive influence than all the lures of luxury and sloth. And often, he on whom it has cast its magic finds no heart to dissolve the spell, and remains a wanderer and an Ishmaelite[1] to the hour of his death.

4. There is a chord in the breasts of most men, prompt to answer loudly or faintly, as the case may be, to such rude appeals. But there is influence of another sort, strongest with minds of the finest texture, yet sometimes holding a controlling power over those who neither acknowlege nor suspect its workings.

5. There are few so imbruted by vice, so perverted by art and luxury, as to dwell in the closest presence of Nature deaf to her voice of melody and power, untouched by the ennobling influences which mold and penetrate the heart that has not hardened itself against them. Into the spirit of such an one the mountain wind breathes its own freshness, and the midsummer tempest, as it rends the forest, pours its own fierce energy.

6. His thoughts flow with the placid stream of the broad,

deep river, or dance in light with the sparkling current of the mountain brook. No passing mood or fancy of his mind but has its image and its echo in the wild world around him. There is softness in the mellow air, the warm sunshine, and the budding leaves of spring; and in the forest flower, which, more delicate than the pampered offspring of gardens, lifts its tender head through the refuse and decay of the wilderness.

7. But it is the grand and heroic in the hearts of men which finds its worthiest symbol and noblest inspiration amid these desert realms,—in the mountain, rearing its savage head through clouds and sleet, or basking its majestic strength in the radiance of the sinking sun; in the interminable forest, the thunder booming over its lonely waste, the whirlwind tearing through its inmost depths, or the sun at length setting in gorgeous majesty beyond its waves of verdure.

8. To the sick, the wearied, or the sated spirit, nature opens a theater of boundless life, and holds forth a cup brimming with redundant pleasure. In the other joys of existence, fear is balanced against hope, and satiety against delight; but here one may fearlessly drink, gaining, with every draught, new vigor and a heightened zest, and finding no dregs of bitterness at the bottom.

Definitions.—2. In sĭp'id, *dull, without spirit.* Con ven tion ăl'i ties, *those things which depend on custom for their importance or use.* 3. Lūre, *that which invites by the prospect of pleasure.* 6. Plăç'id, *tranquil, quiet.* 7. In tẽr'mi na ble, *boundless, endless.* 8. Sāt'ed, *gratified beyond desire. Satiate denotes excessive satisfaction. To be satiated is, often, the opposite of being satisfied; for to be satisfied denotes pleasure and contentment, while satiety is the feeling of discontent produced by oversatisfaction.*

NOTE.—1. *Ishmael* was the son of Abraham and Hagar. After the birth of a son to Sarah she persuaded Abraham to banish Hagar and Ishmael, and from that time the latter dwelt as a hunter in the wilderness. See *Genesis*, chapters xvi and xxi. Hence the reference is to an exile and a wanderer.

34. THE RESIGNATION.

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752–1770) was the son of a poor school-master in England, and was educated in the most humble way. The boy improved every opportunity, and at the age of seventeen went to London, where he was promised speedy advancement by his patrons. Disappointed in this, he became dissipated, and committed suicide within a year. Chatterton is now remembered mainly through his literary forgeries—poems which he claimed to have found in an old church.

1. O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

2. The mystic mazes of thy will,—
The shadows of celestial light
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

3. O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

4. If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

5. Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

6. But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,

My languid vitals' feeble rill
The sickness of my soul declare.

7. But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

8. The gloomy mantle of the night
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

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35. SUMMER FRIENDS.

Mrs. SARA PAYSON WILLIS PARTON (Fanny Fern), (1811–1872), was born in Maine. She was a sister of N. P. Willis, the poet. She began to write for the public journals in 1846. At first she was coldly received, but by steady perseverance she at last won success, and at her death she left a greater number of readers than most other Americans who had made literature a profession. Her writings were chiefly short, spicy articles on timely topics. These articles were published in book-form from time to time under various fantastic titles, as, *Fern Leaves*, *The Play Book*, etc. Mrs. Parton also published two novels, *Ruth Hall* and *Rosa Clark*, which established her reputation as a novelist, and had a large sale.

1. "IT is really unfortunate, that forgery of Mr. Grant's. I don't see what will become of Emma. I presume she won't think of holding up her head after it. I dare say she will expect to be on the same terms with her friends as before, but the thing is ——"

2. "Quite impossible!" said the gay Mrs. Blair, arranging her ringlets; "the man has dragged his family down with him, and there is no help for it, that I can see."

3. "He has no family but Emma," said her friend, "and

I suppose some benevolent soul will look after her; at any rate, it don't concern us"; and the two friends tied on their hats for a promenade.

4. Emma Grant was, in truth, almost broken-hearted; but, with the limited knowledge of human nature gleaned from the experience of a sunny life of eighteen happy years, she doubted not the willingness of old friends to assist her in her determination to become a teacher. To one after another of these "summer" friends she applied for patronage.

5. Some "could n't in conscience recommend the daughter of a defaulter"; some "would think of it and let her know",—taking good care not to specify any particular time for this purpose, others advised her, very disinterestedly, to "go back in the country somewhere, and occupy the independent position of making herself generally useful in some farmer's family."

6. Others, still, dodged the question by humbly recommending her to apply to persons of greater influence than themselves; and one and all "wished her well, and hoped she'd succeed",—thought it praiseworthy in her that she should try to do something for herself; but seemed nervously anxious that it should be out of their latitude and longitude.

7. So, day after day, foot-sore and weary, Emma reached home with a discouraged heart, and a sad conviction of the selfishness and hollow-heartedness of human nature. In one of these discouraged moods she recollected her old friend, Mr. Bliss. How strange she should not have thought of him before. She had often hospitably entertained him, as she presided at her father's table; he surely would befriend with his influence the child of his old, though fallen, friend.

8. With renewed courage she tied on her little bonnet, and set out in search of him. She was fortunate in finding him in; but, ah! where was the old, frank smile, and extended hand of friendship? Mr. Bliss might have been carved out of wood for any demonstration of either that she

could see. A very stiff bow and a nervous twitch of his waistband was her only recognition.

9. With difficulty she choked down the rebellious feelings that sent the flush to her cheeks and the indignant tears to her eyes, as she recollected the many evenings he had received a warm welcome to their hospitable fireside, and timidly explained the purpose of her visit, Mr. Bliss employing himself during this interval in the apparent arrangement of some business papers.

10. He quietly made up his mind that if he could succeed in irritating her sufficiently to rouse her spirit, he would in all probability be sooner rid of her; he remarked that it was "a very bad affair, that of her father's; that, of course, she was n't to blame for it, but she could n't expect to keep her old position now; and that, in short, he did n't feel it would be well for him to interfere in her behalf at present. He had no doubt in time she might 'live down' her father's disgrace"; and so he very comfortably seated himself in his leather-backed arm-chair, and took up a book.

11 A deep red spot burned on Emma Grant's cheek as she retraced her steps. Her lithe form was drawn up to its full height; there was a fire in her eye, and a firmness and rapidity in her step, that betokened a new energy. She would not be crushed by such selfish cowardice and pusillanimity; she would succeed—and unaided, too, save by her own invincible determination. She would triumph yet.

12. "Will is might," said Emma, as she bent all her powers to the accomplishment of her purpose; and when was that motto ever known to fail when accompanied by a spirit undiscouraged by obstacles?

13. It did not. True, Emma rose early, and sat up late: she lived on a mere crust; she was a stranger to luxury, and many times to necessary comforts. Her pillow was often wet with tears, from overtasked spirits and failing strength; the malicious sneer of the ill-judging, and the

croaking prophecy of the ill-natured, fell upon her sensitive ear; and old friends, who had sat at her table, "passed by on the other side."

14. There were, also, the usual number of good, cautious, timid souls, who stood on the fence, ready to jump down when her position was certain, and she had placed herself beyond the need of their assistance. Foremost in this rank was the correct and proper Mr. Bliss, who soiled no pharisaical garment of his by juxtaposition with any known sinner or doubtful person.

15. At the expiration of a year, Emma's school contained pupils from the first families in the city, with whose whole education she was entrusted, and who, making it their home with her, received, out of school hours, the watchful care of a mother. It became increasingly popular, and Emma was able to command her own price for her services.

16. "Why don't you send your daughters to my friend, Miss Grant?" said Mr. Bliss to Senator Hall; "she is a little *protégé* of mine—nice young woman!—came to me at the commencement of her school for my patronage; the consequence is, she has gone up like a sky-rocket. They call it the "Model School."

17. Condescending Mr. Bliss! You should have seen the crestfallen expression of his whole outer man, as the elegant widower he addressed turned on him a look of withering contempt, saying, "The young woman of whom you speak, sir, will be my wife before the expiration of another week; and, in her name and mine, I thank you for the very liberal patronage and manly encouragement you extended to her youth and helplessness in the hour of need."

Definitions.—4. Păt'ron age, *favor, aid.* 11. Pū sil la nĭm'i ty, *timidity, weakness of spirit, faint-heartedness.* 13. Ma lĭ'cioŭs, *evil-minded, bitter. Malicious also denotes the character which delights in doing harm for harm's sake.* 14. Phăr i sā'ic al, *making a show of goodness without its spirit. The Pharisees were a*

sect of Jews noted for strict observance of their customs. Their pretended holiness led them to separate from the rest of the Jewish people. The word is always used in a reproachful sense. See Luke iv: 39–44. Jux ta po sĭ'tion, *nearness to.* 16. Pro té gé (pro tā-zhā'), *one under the care or guidance of another.*

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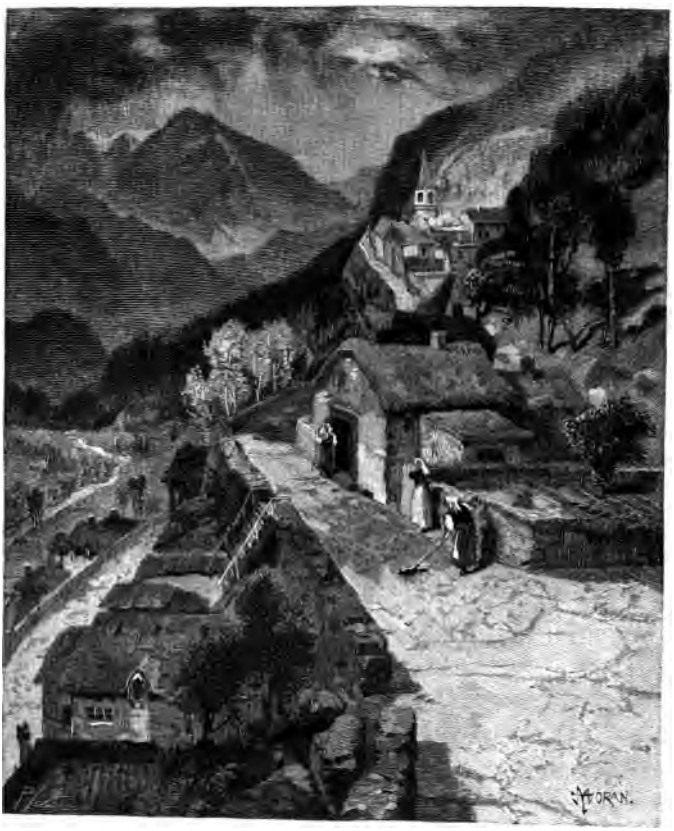
36. IN THE PYRENEES.

HIPPOLYTE A. TAINE (1828–18—) was born in France. His revolutionary opinions, fostered at college, soon brought him into conflict with the authorities, and he was compelled to retire from the educational work to which he had applied himself. His literary reputation dates from 1854, when his essay on *Livy* appeared; and though his published works now number more than twenty, there has been no decrease in that high literary merit which first secured Taine recognition as an accomplished critic and man of letters. His best works are a *History of English Literature*, *The Philosophy of Art*, and *The Origin of Contemporary France.* The following is translated and arranged from *Travels in the Pyrenees.*

1. A PRETTY streamlet slips down the mountain, between two walls of rounded stones all purple with poppies and wild mallows. Its fall has been turned to account in driving rows of saws incessantly back and forth over blocks of marble. A tall, bare-footed girl in rags ladles up sand and water for wetting the machine; by the aid of the sand the iron blade eats away the block.

2. A foot-path follows the river bank, lined with houses, huge oaks, and fields of Indian corn; on the other side of the river is an arid reach of pebbly shore, where children are paddling in the shallow water. On the transparent wave, flocks of ducks rock with the undulations of the current. It is the country and culture after solitude and the desert.

3. The pathway winds through a plantation of osiers and willows; the long, waving stalks that love the streams, the



pale, pendent foliage, is infinitely graceful to eyes accustomed to the intense green of the mountains. On the right may be seen the narrow, rocky ways that lead to the hamlets scattered over the slopes. The houses there lean their backs against the mountain, shelved one above another, so as to look down upon the valley.

4. At noon the people are all out. Every door is closed; three or four old women, who alone are left in the

village, are spreading grain upon the level rock which forms the street. What more singular than this long, natural flagstone, carpeted with gilded heads of grain. The dark, narrow church rises from a terraced yard, inclosed by a low wall; the bell-tower is white and square, with a slated spire.

5. Under the porch may be read a few epitaphs carved in the stone. It is touching to read these words of sympathy graven upon a tomb. This sunlight is so sweet, the valley so beautiful, you seem to breathe health in the air; you want to live. The love of life is imparted with the love of light. How often beneath the gloomy northern sky do we form a similar desire?

6. At the turn of the mountain is the entrance into an oak wood that rises on one of the declivities. These lofty, roomy forests give to the south shade without coolness. High up among the trunks shines a patch of blue sky; light and shade dapple the gray moss like a silken design upon a velvet ground. A heavy, warm air, loaded with vegetable odors, rises to the face and affects the head like wine.

7. The monotonous sound of the cricket and the grasshopper comes from wheat-land and meadow, from mountain and from plain; you feel that living myriads are at work among the heather and under the thatch; and in the veins, where ferments the blood, courses a vague sensation of comfort, which steeps the soul in animal life, and stifles thought under the dull impressions of the senses.

8. You lie down and are content with merely living; you do not note the passage of the hours, but you are happy in the present moment without thinking of past or future; you gaze upon the slender sprigs of moss, the grayish spikes of the grasses, the long ribands of the shining herbs; you follow the course of an insect striving to get over a thicket of turf, and clambering up and down in the labyrinth of its stalks. Why not confess that you have become a child again, and are amused with the least of sights?

Definitions.—1. Măl'lōw, *a plant with soft, downy leaves; so called from its supposed ability to soothe pain. It is from a Greek word meaning* to soothe. 2. Ŭn du lā'tion, *a waving motion.* 3. Ō'şier, *a kind of willow-tree, from the twigs of which baskets are made.* Pĕnd'ent, *hanging.* 4. Tĕr'raçe, *a raised level space or platform of earth supported by a wall or bank of earth.* 5. Ĕp'i tăph, *a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.* 6. De clĭv'i tieş, *slopes.* 7. Mŷr'i adş, *immense numbers.* 8. Lăb'y rĭnth, *windings.*

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37. "IT IS MORE BLESSED."

ROSE TERRY COOKE (1827–18—) was born in Connecticut. She was graduated at the Hartford Seminary in 1843, and commenced her literary life as a contributor to the magazines. She has published *Poems*, *Happy Dodd*, *Root-Bound*, *The Sphinx's Children*, etc. In 1873 she married Mr. R. H. Cooke, also of Connecticut. Mrs. Cooke is in her happiest vein when describing the manners and traditions of her native State. This is one of her best poems.

1. GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.

2. Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

3. So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

4. Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

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38. LADY HESTER STANHOPE AND THE ARABS.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1811–18—) was born in England. He was called to the bar in 1837, and practiced with success till 1856. A year later he was elected to Parliament, but upon a second candidacy in 1868 was defeated. Mr. Kinglake is the author of but two works, but these have sufficed for an enduring reputation. The first is a *History of the Crimean War*, in which the author's resplendent style and vast learning are displayed to their fullest advantage; and the other is *Eöthen*, a book of travel, from which the following is selected. The peculiar charm of the book lies in the picturesque halo which it throws over the East.

1. FOR hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would

stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again: whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

2. She adverted more than once to her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances that aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy, just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright lookout" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued; and Lady Hester Stanhope had this power.

3. She told me that on one occasion when there was good reason to expect hostilities, a far-seeing Arab created great excitement in the camp by declaring that he could distinguish some moving objects upon the very farthest point within the reach of his eyes; Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders. The assertion proved to be correct; and from that time forth, her superiority over all others, with respect of far sight, remained undisputed.

4. Lady Hester related this other anecdote of her Arab life. It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on; and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force: he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that

his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest, was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute.

5. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part; it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies; so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust on help to none save only her haughty self.

6. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her, that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind; and, bidding farewell to the tribe which had honored and protected her, she turned her horse's head and rode straight away, without friend or follower.

7. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the center of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; soon it was plain that they were making towards her; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears.

8. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack, according to Eastern usage; but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups, withdrew the yashmack

that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out, with a loud voice, "Avaunt!" The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honored head.

9. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast, prepared to do honor to the heroine; and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit; and I recollect that she put up her yashmack for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance.

Definitions.—2. Ad vĕrt'ed, *referred, alluded to. To advert is to turn aside to take notice of something in connection with the main matter in hand, but with no intention of dwelling upon it.* 4. Ăm'i eā ble, *peaceful, friendly. Amicable is the more formal word.* Friendly *is positive in its force, while* amicable *may denote scarcely more than the absence of quarrel.* 6. Al lāy'ing, *subduing, checking.* 7. Fe rō'cioŭs ly, *fiercely.* 8. Yăsh'mack, *a covering for the face, worn by women in Arabia and other parts of the East to conceal their features. It is fastened around the head by a band, and descends below the chin.*

NOTE.—*Lady Hester Stanhope* was a niece of the celebrated William Pitt. She was highly accomplished, but very eccentric in her manners. About 1780 she went to Syria and assumed the dress of a native of that country. She obtained some influence over the desert tribes; but, having lost her money and the means of bribing them, her power was also gone.

39. THE INVITATION OF WISDOM.

1. DOTH not wisdom cry,
   And understanding put forth her voice?
2. In the top of high places by the way,
   Where the paths meet, she standeth;
3. Beside the gates, at the entry of the city,
   At the coming in at the doors, she crieth aloud:
4. Unto you, O men, I call;
   And my voice is to the sons of men.
5. O ye simple, understand subtilty;
   And, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.
6. Hear, for I will speak excellent things;
   And the opening of my lips shall be right things.
7. For my mouth shall utter truth;
   And wickedness is an abomination to my lips.
8. All the words of my mouth are in righteousness;
   There is nothing crooked or perverse in them.
9. They are all plain to him that understandeth,
   And right to them that find knowledge.
10. Receive my instruction, and not silver;
    And knowledge rather than choice gold.
11. For wisdom is better than rubies;
    And all the things that may be desired are not to be compared unto her.
12. I wisdom have made subtilty my dwelling,
    And find out knowledge and discretion.
13. The fear of the LORD is to hate evil:
    Pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way,
    And the froward mouth, do I hate.
14. Counsel is mine, and sound knowledge:
    I am understanding; I have might.
15. By me kings reign,
    And princes decree justice.

16. By me princes rule,
And nobles, even all the judges of the earth.
17. I love them that love me;
And those that seek me diligently shall find me.
18. Riches and honor are with me;
Yea, durable riches and righteousness.
19. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold;
And my revenue than choice silver.
20. I walk in the way of righteousness,
In the midst of the paths of judgment:
21. That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance,
And that I may fill their treasuries.
22. The LORD possessed me in the beginning of his way,
Before his works of old.
23. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
Or ever the earth was.
24. When there were no depths, I was brought forth;
When there were no fountains abounding with water.
25. Before the mountains were settled,
Before the hills was I brought forth:
26. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields,
Nor the beginning of the dust of the world.
27. When he established the heavens, I was there:
When he set a circle upon the face of the deep:
28. When he made firm the skies above:
When the fountains of the deep became strong:
29. When he gave to the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress his commandment:
When he marked out the foundations of the earth:
30. Then I was by him, as a master workman:
And I was daily his delight,
Rejoicing always before him;
31. Rejoicing in his habitable earth;
And my delight was with the sons of men.

32. Now therefore, my sons, hearken unto me:
For blessed are they that keep my ways.
33. Hear instruction, and be wise,
And refuse it not.
34. Blessed is the man that heareth me,
Watching daily at my gates,
Waiting at the posts of my doors.
35. For whoso findeth me findeth life,
And shall obtain favor of the LORD.
36. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul:
All they that hate me love death.

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40. THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY (1828–1876) was born in London. He first turned his attention to painting, but eventually to literature, which he followed as a means of subsistence till his death. He was a prolific writer, and his works embraced such widely separated fields as poetry, fiction, history, and biography. His works of most lasting value are a *Life of Turner*, *Ice Bound*, *Wildfire*, and *Songs of the Cavaliers*, from which this selection is taken.

1. TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

2. Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

3. They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Over this brook and rail.

4. Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

5. But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolfs' eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

6. I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town.

7. Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

Definitions.—3. Down, *a tract of sandy, level, and barren land, used chiefly for pasturing sheep.* 5. Māy, *the flowers of the hawthorn, a small tree having shining leaves, used in England for hedges.*

41. IN THE GREAT FUR LAND.

I. THE MIRAGE.

1. THERE come calms upon the prairie-ocean—days when an infinite silence broods over the trackless expanse, when the Mirage of the Desert plays strange freaks of inverted shore-land. It is the moment following the sunrise of such a day. A deeper stillness steals over the earth, and in its solemn hush colors of wondrous hue rise and spread along the horizon. The earth stands inverted in the sky; the capes and promontories of the prairie-ocean are etched, in deeper lines than graver ever drew, upon the blue above; the poplar and aspen islands which dot the plain, float bottom upwards, anchored by great, golden threads in a sea of emerald, and orange, and blue, mingled and interwoven together.

2. Dwellings twenty and thirty miles distant seem but a few rods away; the gliding dog-sledges, out of sight over the plain, are transferred to the sky, and seem steering their sinuous courses through the clear ether; far away, seemingly beyond and above all, one broad flash of crimson light, the sun's first gift, reddens upward toward the zenith. But every moment brings a change; the day gathers closer to the earth, and wraps its impassive veil again over the sunken soul of the wilderness.

3. The mirages of the plains are of wondrous beauty; every feature of the landscape seems limned with supernatural distinctness. We have seen, a moment after sunrise on a winter's morn, a little hamlet, thirty miles away, defined against the sky with a minuteness of detail not excelled by a steel engraving. We have seen men at nearly the same distance photographed so microscopically as to enable us to describe their wearing apparel; have distinguished the gambolings of dogs and other animals upon the snow.

4. The ordinary phenomena of the mirage—the simple

drawing of a distant landscape near the spectator—are of almost daily occurrence at some seasons of the year. Objects far beyond the range of the naked eye seem but a few rods distant; beautiful, waveless, nameless lakes glimmer in uncertain shore-line, and in shadow of inverted hill-top; the aspen groves seem standing with their trunks half buried in the water.

5. At times, when the atmospheric conditions are perfect, the whole landscape within the range of vision seems but an optical delusion, a phantasmagoria; every thing about one is uncertain, unreal. The mirage begins but a few yards distant from one, and shifts and merges into new forms like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope. At such times the inexperienced traveler is all at sea; he pursues one *ignis-fatuus* but to involve himself in another, and becomes hopelessly and irretrievably lost.

6. To the plain-dweller, however, all the myriad features of the prairie are but so many guide-boards pointing out his destination. He who runs may read. He has the sun by day, the moon and the stars by night. The turning of a blade of grass points him east and west; the bark of every tree, north and south; the birds of the air forecast the weather for him. He sees a twig broken, and it tells the story of a passing animal; an upturned pebble on the beach marks the hour when the animal drank. He will distinguish the trail of a wagon over the prairie years after it has passed; the grass, he says, never grows the same.

7. There is not a sigh or sough of the restless wind that is unintelligible to him. He will take a straight course in one direction over the plain, where no landmarks can be seen, in days when the sun is not shining, nor a breath of air stirring. Yet he can not explain the power he possesses, and considers it a natural faculty. The half-breed or Indian never gets lost. If he be overtaken by a storm upon the plain, his escape becomes simply a question of physical endurance.

II. A POUDRE DAY.

1. A POUDRE day, with the temperature in the thirties below, is a thing to be spoken of in a whisper. Not a soul leaves the fireside who can avoid it; to wander away from well-known landmarks is to run the risk never of returning. The early morning of such a day may be clear and still; but upon close inspection the atmosphere will be found filled with crystal, scintillating, minute, almost imperceptible particles of snow, drifting on wings of air, impalpable and fleeting.

2. Soon after day-break the wind begins to rise. Off to the north rolls a little eddy of snow, a mere puff, not larger than one's hand. Another follows; miniature coils circle over the smooth surface of the snow, and sink back imperceptibly to the level again. Drifts of larger proportions roll over the expanse, until the atmosphere becomes thick with the frozen particles. All landscapes are lost, and the range of vision is limited to a few feet. The wind howls like a raging beast, and the merciless cold congeals the very heart's blood. It is the sirocco of the North!

3. On such days traveling is particularly toilsome and dangerous. The state of the atmosphere renders respiration difficult, increasing the action of the heart, and producing a slight but constant dizziness. All landmarks are obliterated, and unless one is thoroughly conversant with the country, he is liable to lose his way, and be caught at nightfall without shelter or fire. Fatigued by the least effort, paralyzed by the cold, perhaps frostbitten in many places, despite every precaution, the traveler is likely to give up in despair. "I can not" and "I will not" become synonymous terms.

4. All effort is apparently useless; the attention is distracted by the necessity of fighting continually to keep face and hands free from frostbite; keeping the road in so blind-

which appears in the night over marshy grounds, very misleading to travelers. Hence follows the use of the word here, meaning a delusion; that which invites by the prospect of escape. 7. Soŭgh, *a hollow murmur or roaring.* II. 1. Seĭn'til lāt ing, *sparkling.* Im păl'-pa ble, *not to be felt.* 2. Sĭ rŏc'eo, *a destructive local wind, experienced chiefly in southern Europe.* 3. Syn ŏn'y moŭs, *expressing the same thing. If no words are synonymous except those which are identical in use and meaning, then there are not more than ten in the language. But the term more properly denotes that the words in question approach each other so nearly that they can in most cases be used interchangeably.* 4. In ẽr'ti a, *want of activity.* III. 2. Her-mĕt'ic al ly-sēaled, *closed so that air can neither enter nor escape.* 3. Ad hē'sĭve ness, *the quality of sticking or adhering.*

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42. AUNT DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

1. How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunt Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

2. *You don't mean to die yet, eh?* Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash.

3. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about any thing. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billie was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little

Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

4. Goodness; what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of them. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she is n't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars.

5. How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping

down by hundreds there with sunstroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, is just trifling with danger.

6. Dear, dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear, dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

7. Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I sha n't consider my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia! I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if any thing happens, send for me at once. If I can't do any thing else, I can cheer you up a little.

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43. DELORAINE'S RIDE.

1. THE Lady forgot her purpose high,
   One moment, and no more;
   One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
   As she paused at the archèd door:
   Then from amid the armèd train,
   She called to her William of Deloraine.

2. A stark, moss-trooping Scott was he,
   As e'er couched Border lance by knee;
   Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
   Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

3. "Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until you come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

4. "What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

5. Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the deep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbacan,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the moathill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

6. The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark!"
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviot side,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horsliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

7. A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-girth and corselet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye

For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn!
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

8. Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine,
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Cresting each wave with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.
At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddlebow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray,
Yet, through good heart and Our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

9. Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumèd head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;

When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear.

10. In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in luster wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran;
Like some tall rock with lichens gray,
Rose dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

Definitions.—2. Mŏss'-trōōper, *one of a band of robbers who formerly infested the border-country between England and Scotland. So called because the ground was covered with moss or was a morass.* 4. Lôrn, *lost, forsaken.* 5. Bär'bacan, *one of the outer defenses of a castle.* Băs'çinet, *a light helmet. The spelling in the text is allowable, and is necessary to preserve the meter.* 7. Côrse'let, *armor formerly used to cover the front of the body.* 8. Bärd, *the defensive armor of war-horses. Hence* barded, *incased in armor.* 10. Lạuds, *the midnight services of the Catholic Church.*

NOTE.—This selection is slightly abridged from the opening stanzas of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The date is about 1550. All the places mentioned lie in the Borderland of Scotland, between the Cheviot Hills and the River Tweed.

44. SUMMER RAIN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887) was born in Connecticut. He studied theology in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, then under his father's presidency. He preached at Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis, Indiana, where he remained till 1847, when he removed to Brooklyn, New York, and here he remained till his death. As a preacher, Mr. Beecher reached a larger audience than any other man of his time, and his influence was deeply and keenly felt. He discarded many of the conventionalities of the clerical profession, but this only added to his popularity, as the impression he always left was one of intense earnestness. His published works are numerous, and include his *Sermons*, *Life of Christ*, and *Eyes and Ears*, from which this selection is taken.

1. IT is a long time since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry, the road is a good deal dusty. The garden bakes. Transplanted trees are thirsty. Wheels are shrinking and tires are looking dangerous. Men speculate on the clouds; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potatoes will suffer; the oats, the corn, the grass—every thing! To be sure, nothing is yet suffering; but then—

2. Rain, rain, rain! All day, all night steady raining. Will it never stop? The hay is out, and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the meadows are wet; the rivers run discolored with soil from every hill. Smoking cattle reek under the sheds. Hens, and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden. The clouds are full yet. The long fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The air is full of moisture.

3. The wind roars down the chimney. The birds are silent. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer is clogged. We thump it, but it will not get up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are splashed with dirt. Paths are soft. So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine.

4. But, after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is put above their reach. What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their several humors or interests!

5. If one will but look for enjoyment, how much there is in every change of weather. The formation of clouds—the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens—all have their pleasure to an observant eye. Then come the wind-gust, the distant, dark cloud, the occasional fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hurry of men whose work may suffer!

6. Indeed, sir, your humble servant, even, was stirred up on the day after "Fourth of July." The grass in the old orchard was not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yet standing. But being cut and the rain threatening it, one would have thought it gold by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

7. Blessed be horse-rakes! Once half a dozen men with half a dozen rakes would have gone whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the long-handled rake, with slow and laborious progress. But no more of that. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse-rake, riding about as if for pleasure. It is easy times when *men* ride and *horses* rake.

8. Meanwhile, the clouds come bowling noiselessly through the air, and spit here and there a drop preliminary. With good hay-covers, our two dozen little hay-cocks would have been as snug as if in the barn. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains! See how the leaves are washed; the grass drinks, even drinks, the garden drinks, every thing drinks. It is our opinion that every thing except man is laughing and rejoicing.

9. Trees shake their leaves with a softer sound. Rocks look moist and soft, at least where the moss grows. Even the solitary old pine-tree chords his harp, and sings soft and low melodies with plaintive undulations! A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they could hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains.

10. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and, catching the willing drops, they array them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses! When the heavens send clouds and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of Heaven, that send down treasures upon man without tasking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickax—without his search or notice.

11. Well, let it rain, then! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain—and rain in summer. And blessed be he who watereth the earth and enricheth it for man and beast.

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45. THE SLOTH.

CHARLES WATERTON (1782–1865) was born in England. He was a gentleman of large fortune and much literary taste, and spent a great part of his life in studying nature or in putting into readable form the results of his observations. His best-known work is *Wanderings in South America*, which was very popular. His ancestral home in Yorkshire was full of specimens from the American forests, and attracted great attention during Waterton's life. After his death the collection was dispersed.

1. THOSE who have written on this singular animal, have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain, that he is

proverbially slow in his movements, that he is a prisoner in space, and that as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he has mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

2. The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience.

3. But the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

4. It must be observed that the sloth does not hang head-downwards. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one of his fore-legs and then with the other; and after that, brings up both of his hind-legs, one by one, to the same branch, so that all four are in a line. He seems perfectly at rest in this position.

5. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both his fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported.

6. He has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved; so that, were his body sup-

ported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position.

7. The ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, roots of grass, etc. This just suits the sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner as to acquire him the name of Sloth.

8. If we examine the anatomy of his fore-legs, we shall immediately perceive by their form and muscular texture how very capable they are of supporting the pendent weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

9. There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows, the sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another; but as soon as the wind rises, the branches of the neighboring trees become interwoven, and then the sloth seizes hold of them and pursues his journey in safety.

10. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the sloth may set off after breakfast and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree as I have done, you would never think of calling him a sloth.

11. The sloth is the only quadruped known which spends its whole life suspended by its feet from the branch of a

tree. The monkey and the squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and moves along under the branch till he can lay hold of another.

12. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that he can not be at ease in any situation where his body is higher than his feet.

Definitions.—1. Pro vĕrb'i al ly, *always, commonly.* 3. Quạd'rụped, *any animal having four feet.* 5. In ea păç'i tāt ed, *deprived of power.* 7. Pro tū'ber ançe, *any thing swelled or pushed beyond the surrounding surface.*

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46. THE CAMEL.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE (1826–18—) was born in England. He graduated with high honors in 1846, and the following year entered the military service. In 1862 he traveled through Arabia, and published a *Personal Narrative* in 1863, which was well received. Later he represented his government at various foreign courts, where his knowledge of men made his services of special value. Mr. Palgrave has also published *Essays on Eastern Questions*, a very valuable work, and *Hermann Agha*, in which the author relates some of his own thrilling experiences. The book also contains some lyrics of great power, and evinces high poetic gifts.

1. I HAVE, while in England, heard and read more than once of the "docile camel." If "docile" means stupid, well and good; in such a case the camel is the model of docility. But if the epithet is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands or shares them in a subordi-

nate fashion like the horse or the elephant, then I say that the camel is by no means docile,—very much the contrary.

2. He takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not; walks straight on when once set a-going, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside; and then, should some tempting thorn or green branch allure him out of the path, continues to walk on in this new direction simply because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

3. His only care is to cross as much pasture as he conveniently can while pacing mechanically onwards; and for effecting this his long, flexible neck sets him at a great advantage, and a hard blow or a downright kick alone has any influence on him, whether to direct or impel.

4. He will never attempt to throw you off his back—such a trick being far beyond his limited comprehension; but if you fall off he will never dream of stopping for you, and walks on just the same, grazing while he goes, without caring an atom what has become of you.

5. If turned loose, it is a thousand to one that he will never find his way back to his accustomed home or pasture, and the first comer who picks him up, will have no particular shyness to get over; Jack or Tom are all the same to him, and the loss of his old master and of his former cameline companions gives him no regrets, and occasions no endeavor to find them again.

6. Only one symptom will he give that he is aware of his rider, and that is when the latter is about to mount him; for on such an occasion, instead of addressing him in the style of Balaam's more intelligent beast, "Am I not thy camel upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day?" he will bend back his long, snaky neck towards his master, open his enormous jaws to bite if he dared, and roar out a tremendous sort of groan, as if to complain of some entirely new and unparalleled injustice about to be done him.

7. In a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of an extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impresses him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild.

Definitions.—1. Ĕp'i thet, *that which expresses some special property of any thing.* 6. Un păr'al leled, *unequaled, unmatched.*

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47. THE LOST LEADER.

1. JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They with the gold to give doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley,[1] were with us—they watch from their graves;
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

2. We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

NOTES.—1. *Shakespeare*, see biographical note, page 193; *Milton*, page 303; *Shelley*, page 271. *Robert Burns* was the national poet of Scotland; born 1750, died 1796. This poem was suggested by the action of the poet Wordsworth, who is the leader referred to. When Wordsworth became Laureate in 1843, he was accused of abandoning his liberal opinions regarding politics and religion.

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48. A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

JOHN BROWN (1810–1882) was the son of an eminent Scottish minister, and distinguished himself in the University of Edinburgh. He early took his degree of M. D., and entered upon a very large and successful practice. His works have been collected and published in three volumes, embracing *Locke and other Papers*, *John Leech*, and the highly prized *Rab and his Friends*. In 1876 the government recognized his literary services by bestowing on him an annual pension of £100.

I. TRUST THE DOCTOR.

1. IT is your duty to *trust* the doctor, that is, to believe in him. If you were in a ship, in a wild storm, and among

dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board who knew all the coast, and had a clear eye, a firm heart, and a practiced hand, would you not let him have his own way? would you think of giving him your advice, or keep his hand from the helm?

2. And yet, many people do this same sort of thing, just because they don't really trust their Doctor; and a Doctor is a pilot for your bodies when they are in a storm and in distress. He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever; but he must have fair play; he must be trusted even in the dark. It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a Doctor will work if the patient believes in him; it is half the battle. His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better—and much pleasanter, too.

3. One day a laboring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour stomach, and heartburn, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food and too much of it; and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whisky. I made him promise to give up his bad food and worse whisky, and live on pease-brose and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription for medicine, and said, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight and be well."

4. He did come back, hearty and hale,—no colic, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done; and, having forgotten what it was, I said, "Let me see what I gave you." "O" said he, "I took it." "Yes," said I, "but the prescription." "*I took it*, as you bade me. I swallowed it." He had actually eaten the bit of paper, and been the better for it; but it would have done him little good had he not trusted me when I said he would be better, and had not attended to my directions. So take my word for it, and trust your Doctor; it is his due, and it is for your own advantage.

II. RUN FOR THE DOCTOR.

1. DON'T saunter to him, or go in as an old elder of my father's did, when his house was on fire. He was a perfect Nathanael,[1] and lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipped gently into his neighbor's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of a coal fire; he leaned over the chair, and waited till James closed the book, when he said, "By the by, I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire"; and out he and they all ran, in time to see the old cottage fall in with a glorious blaze.

2. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours—our cottage, our tabernacle—is getting on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not needed, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey, and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths—how many lives of suffering and incapacity—may be spared by being in time, by being a day or two sooner.

3. With children this is especially the case, and with workingmen in the prime of life. A mustard plaster, a pill, a bran poultice, a hint, a stitch in time, may do all and at once,—when a red-hot iron, a basinful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, all the energy of the Doctor, and all your tenderness and care are in vain. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient, and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are sorry and angry enough when we find we are too late. It affronts us, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gave it.

4. Remember to go to the Doctor early in the day as well as in the disease. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he

is in bed, to see some one, and on going to find that they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him.

III. REWARD THE DOCTOR.

1. THERE are four ways of rewarding your Doctor. The first is by giving him money; the second is by giving him your gratitude; the third is by doing his bidding; and the fourth is by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, and recommending him to others. Let me tell you, as a bit of cool, worldly wisdom, that your Doctor will do you the more good if he gets something, some money for his pains.

2. It is wonderful how much real kindness, and watching, and attendance, and cleanliness you may get for *so many shillings* a week. Nursing is a much better article at that than at *nothing* a week.

3. Honey is not sweeter to your mouths, and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and a warm, cosy bed is not more welcome to your wearied limbs and head, than is the honest, deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor. It is his glory, his reward; he fills himself with it, he wraps himself all round with it as with a cloak, and goes to his work happy and hearty; and the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping, and worth the remembering.

4. Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close.[2] By God's blessing, the means I used saved "oor Kirsty's" life, and I made friends of these two forever. I can count on them as my friends; and when I pass the close-mouth in the West Port, where they now live and are thriving, I get a courtesy from Kirsty, and see her look after me, and turn to the women beside her,—and I know exactly what she is saying to them about "Dr. Broon."

5. And when I meet old Sandie, I see his gray eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way—and I know that he is saying to himself, "God bless him! he saved my Kirsty's life," and he runs back in his mind all those twenty years past, and lays out his heart on all he remembers, and that does him good and me too, and nobody any ill.

6. Therefore give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him, like honest Sandie; it will not lose its reward, and it costs you nothing. It is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer, but all the richer.

Definitions.—I. 3. Ĭn di ġĕs'tion, *a failure of the natural changes which food undergoes in building up the body.* II. 1. Säun'ter, *to stroll, to walk idly.* 3. Poul'tiçe, *a composition made of meal or other substance, applied to sores or inflamed parts of the body.*

NOTES.—1. *Nathanael* was a character in Shakespeare's play *Love's Labor Lost.* 2. *Big Hamilton's Close*, a part of Edinburgh, Scotland.

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49. RURAL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800) was born in England. He lost his mother when six years old, and his tribute to her, *My Mother's Picture*, is one of the most beautiful poems in our language. He studied law, but could not summon courage to practice, and declined a government position for a similar reason. His published works consist of his letters, some hymns, a translation of Homer, and the long poem *The Task*, which treats in a masterly way of "all that affects us here or influences us hereafter." Some of his minor poems are unsurpassed for boldness and originality, as well as for delicacy and refinement. His life was darkened by an inherited insanity, and he fell far short of what he might have become, through inability to throw off the feeling of despair which his affliction bred.

1. NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore

The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.

2. Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

3. Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Definitions.—1. Ex hĭl'a rāte, *enliven, to make cheerful. It denotes such cheering as has a combined effect on the spirit and on the body. The word applies to persons only.* Tōne, *state of mind, temper.* 3. In ăn'i mate, *lifeless, inactive. Said of rocks, earth, etc., because they have not life.* Ĕm'ū lāte, *to strive to equal or excel.* Ĭn har mō'ni oŭs, *unmusical, discordant.*

50. SPEECH OF EDMUND BURKE.[1]

EDMUND BURKE (1730–1797), "one of the greatest of the sons of men," was born in Ireland. He graduated from Dublin University when eighteen, and chose the law as his profession, but did not practice. His first great work, *Vindicaton of Natural Society*, published in 1756, stamped him as one of the most profound and original thinkers of the age. He signalized his entry into political life in 1766 by an eloquent speech that was so much liked by the people that his future success was assured. From this time till his retirement in 1794 he was the greatest man in Parliament—"ever the bold and uncompromising champion of justice, mercy, and truth." "The variety and extent of his powers in debate were greater than that of any orator in ancient or modern times." Burke was modest and devoid of self-esteem, and never sought to take unfair advantage of his opponents. These qualities endeared him to his countrymen even more than his brilliant genius.

1. FROM six capital sources,—of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government; from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to prosecute that spirit as criminal; to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.

2. My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as matter of right, or grant as matter of favor, is to admit the people of our colonies into an interest in the constitution. A revenue from America! You can never receive it, no, not a shilling. For all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

3. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with our government—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution.

4. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you.

5. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break the unity of the empire. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for us here in England?

6. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly

initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth every thing, and all in all.

7. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS! We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

Definitions.—1. Pe dăn'tic, *pretending to superior knowledge.* In dĭct'ment, *a charge as of crime or wrong-doing.* 2. Rĕv'e nūe, *the produce of taxes, etc., gathered by a nation for public uses.* 3. €o hē'şion, *a state of connection or dependence.* 5. Par tĭç i pā'tion, *the act of sharing in common with others.* 6. €hī mĕr'ie al, *fanciful, delusive.* 7. Măg na nĭm'i ty, *generosity; the quality which makes one despise injustice or meanness. It is the highest form of moral elevation or superiority. It is greatness in all its height and perfection.* Au'spi cāte, *to commence in a favorable manner.*

NOTE.—Extract from a speech by Burke in the English House of Commons, on the bill prohibiting New England from the fisheries of Newfoundland. Bancroft says that "this speech was made for the vindication of his party, but with no hope of success." This was one of Burke's great efforts, but, as he anticipated, his defeat was overwhelming, the measure being lost by a vote of more than three to one.

51. THE YOUNG VIOLINIST.

1. A YOUNG violin-player, a Norwegian by birth, was living in an almost destitute condition in Bologna, Italy, after having tried in vain to find an opportunity to play on some public occasion. Near the close of a dreary day, he went to his wretched lodging, and opened the cupboard to see whether he could find a crust of bread, for he was almost starved; but he found only a few dry crumbs.

2. He gathered them up, and put them in his mouth with a sigh. Then he took up his old violin, sat down on the edge of his bed, and began to draw from it wild and pathetic tones in which he expressed all his sorrow. After he had played for a while, he sank back exhausted on his bed, and fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly he awoke; three men had entered his room.

3. "Excuse us, sir," said one of them who seemed to be the leader, "excuse us for disturbing your sleep. Only the most pressing necessity has driven us to force ourselves upon you. Would you be ready at once to play a few scores in the concert at the Philharmonic Academy?"

4. The hungry young man, who was scarcely able to collect his thoughts, stared at the strangers as if he took them for angels sent from Heaven to give him a chance of earning a few francs.

"I—play this evening in a concert!" he interrupted them in amazement; "where Madame Malibran[1] and Beriot[2]——"

5. "Yes, that is just the difficulty," continued the other eagerly; "both have withdrawn. Beriot thinks himself insulted, and will not play, and Madame Malibran has given out that she is ill and can not sing; to hold the concert seemed impossible. But after we had gone all over the city, we remembered that Madame Colibran Rossini was here. We hastened to her, and persuaded her to sing the airs an-

nounced for Malibran. But where could we find a violin-player? In this Madame Rossini gave us advice.

6. "She told us that in the house opposite to her lived a young man who played the violin as she had never heard it played before. 'If he had only the courage to play in public,' she added, 'I would be answerable for the results.' So we have come to ask you to do us this great service, and to take a part in the evening's concert. We offer you the same remuneration as was promised to Malibran and Beriot, and that is a considerable sum. Now, sir, if you will consent to our request, we must beg you to make haste, for we have not a moment to lose."

7. The young violin-player took up his instrument and followed the men as if he were in a dream. They were the Directors of the Academy.

8. The large theater was quite full. The concert had already begun. Signora Rossini had come forward, and had been received with a storm of applause, for she was not only an eminent *artiste*, but also a native of Bologna. Her song was to be followed by a solo on the violin, with which the first part of the concert was to conclude. Just at the very moment when the house was trembling with the applause with which Signora Rossini was rewarded for her song, the directors arrived with the unknown performer, who was at once led upon the stage.

9. There he stood, unable to collect his thoughts, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or in a dream. The large assembly, the brilliant lights, the strange surroundings, seemed almost to take away his senses. But he was accustomed to express on his instrument every thing that he felt, and he began to produce, in tones, the overpowering sentiments which rushed upon him at that moment.

10. He did not heed that the public, instead of welcoming him, had begun to hiss on seeing the pitiable figure in threadbare clothes. He fancied himself in a fairy palace, before

the owners of which he ventured to express the pain which filled his soul. Therefore a stream of sorrowful tones flowed from his violin, such, perhaps, as no instrument had ever produced before, ending in the threatening, sharp, and cold despair of helplessness.

11. The listeners sat as if enchanted by some supernatural power, and scarcely ventured to breathe. They seemed to be touched by a sentiment that changed the pleasure of harmony into a feeling of pain. At last the wild grief of the player subsided, merging into a quiet sadness which animated all hearts like a refreshing dew. The artist had hardly finished when he was greeted with a storm of applause such as is rarely heard in any assembly. The curtain fell at the order of the director—the musician tottered out, and then sank into the arms of those who had hastened out to congratulate him.

12. "Bread!" was the only word which proceeded from his pale lips, and while they were leading the exhausted artist into an adjoining room to give him food, the house still resounded with the loud applause of the audience.

13. During the second part of the concert, he had so far recovered that he had regained his self-control. The unaccustomed enjoyment of a good meal, of which he had been so long deprived, had a wonderfully invigorating effect on his weakened nerves.

14. The conclusion of the concert, which was to consist of a violin solo, approached. The directors consulted together, in his presence, as to whether they should allow him to appear again. But he said, with determination, "Yes, I will play—I must play," and he hastened a second time upon the scene of his triumph. Even now he did not understand the enthusiastic applause with which he was greeted. He seized the bow, and spoke again to his audience, but this time in quite different tones.

15. In light, joyous notes he seemed to relate reminis-

cences of his youth; he described the peace of his home, round which blew the fresh breezes of the North. He rejoiced that he had found the object of his life; he expressed his gratitude that his efforts had been appreciated—and all this he told in the most thrilling tones that ever proceeded from a violin. It seemed to him as if the star of his future had risen that evening, and he told them so with joy.

16. For a second time the curtain fell, separating him from the public, which was beside itself with delight, and again he heard nothing of the resounding applause. He sank down unconscious, not from exhaustion, but from joy at his triumph. A deep, healthful sleep refreshed him.

17. The next day but little else was talked about in Bologna except the marvelous talent of the young musician. The directors of the Academy appeared at his lodging with the promised remuneration. The first musicians of the city offered him their services, and to help him out of his pitiable condition another concert was arranged, this time for his benefit.

18. Since that time this artist has given concerts everywhere, and at each place has found enthusiastic admirers. The name of Ole Bull[4] is now equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Definitions.—6. Re mū ner ā′tion, *reward, pay. It is commonly taken in the specific sense of pay for personal services done for another.* 8. Ar tiste′, *one who is skilled in any art, as singing, dancing, etc. This word is very broad in its meaning, and may be applied to any person very capable or proficient in his special line.*

NOTES. —1. *Maria Felicita Malibran*, a celebrated French singer and actress; born 1808, died 1836.

2. *Charles de Beriot*, violinist; born in Belgium in 1808, died in 1870.

3. *Madame Rossini* was an Italian singer of some note.

4. *Ole Bull* was one of the most famous of the world's violinists. He was born in Norway in 1810, and died in 1880.

52. TRUTH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882) was born in Maine. He pursued his studies at Bowdoin College in his native State, and, after graduating, accepted a professorship in that institution, and later the professorship of modern languages in Harvard College. He visited Europe several times in order to prepare himself more thoroughly for his work.

Longfellow was the best loved of American poets. His words appeal strongly to those who, like him, look always on the bright side of life. To all classes of people the sweetness of his songs and ballads is a continual source of pleasure.

1. OH, holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!
A glorious attribute—a nobler part
Of uncreated being! Who can find,
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible—the Deity!

2. The human mind is a reflection caught
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
That heavenward wings its daring flight away,
Returns to where its flight was first begun,
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.

3. The soul of man, though sighing after thee,
Hath never known thee, saving as it knows
The stars of heaven whose glorious light we see,
The sun whose radiance dazzles as it glows;
Something that is beyond us, and above
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

4. Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach
The secret of thy being. Its faint ray
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach
Of its untiring wings the eternal day

Of truth is shining on the longing eye,
Distant—unchanged—changeless—pure and high!

3. And yet thou hast not left thyself without
A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around, forbids no doubt,
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble, and adore!

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53. THE BLESSING OF EXISTENCE.

ORVILLE DEWEY (1794–1882) was born in Massachusetts. He passed his boyhood on his father's farm reading and studying, and graduated from Williams College in 1814, and afterward studied theology at Andover in the same State. He was appointed assistant to the famous William Ellery Channing in Boston. Subsequently he filled various other pulpits in the East, but his feeble health compelled him to take frequent trips to Europe, and finally to retire from the active duties of the ministry in 1862. His books of travel are written in a sprightly and animated style, and his religious and controversial discourses were free from dogmatism, and showed a just regard for the opinions of opponents.

1. I EXIST. What a blessing and a wonder is that! A few years ago, and I was not; no spot in the fair universe held *me*. From dark and void nothingness I am called to the glad precincts of being; into the living and loving bosom of nature; into communion with the things that are; myself—chiefest blessing!—myself among the things that are. And do I ask to whom I owe this blessing? Whence came I, do I ask? What one among the mysterious powers of heaven gave me this wonderful being?

2. Reason answers, and Holy Writ answers, there is but One who creates. It is he, God, that hath called me into

being; to stand beneath these shining heavens; to look around upon the loveliness of earth; to breathe the air of verdant fields, and see the light of rising and setting suns; to behold the molded beauty of sloping valleys and swelling mountains, and the flashing light of streams and ocean waves.

3. Everybody says that this is the darkest world in the universe. Who knows it? Who knows that there is any one among all the spheres of heaven more beautiful than this? Other kinds of beauty there may be, but who shall dare to say that any creation has proceeded from God that is not all beautiful?

4. I do not like that phrase, "this dark world." Poetry may use it, and in some relations and in some moods there may be a propriety in its use. But what I complain of is, that the feeling has sunk down into the common heart; the unadmiring, unholy, unthankful feeling that this is a dark world—the darkest of all worlds.

5. I complain that the casual shade of poetry has settled into a fixed, opaque incrustation over the general mind; that it is common to feel as if this were a coarse, ungenial, ungrateful, almost an ill-made world; as if it were the rough-hewn penitentiary of the creation, frowning upon us from its granite walls and its dark and dingy arches. And therefore I say, Who knows it?

6. But I might say, rather, shame on the superstitious weakness, the uncultivated thought, the unkindled apathy, that finds nothing but a prison wall surrounding a convict's yard! Shame on the eye that can not see, and on the heart that can not feel the wonders and beauties of this fair and lovely creation around us!

7. And as man stands amidst the fair creation, with what a wonderful apparatus is he provided for communication with it; with a perception for every element; for the sweets of every bounty in nature, for the fragrance of every field,

for the soft, embracing air, for the sounds that come from every hill, and mountain, and murmuring stream, and ocean wave, for the light that beams from the far-distant stars.

8. We look upon the electric telegraph as a wonder; and it is so. But man's whole sensitive frame is a more wonderful telegraph. He wakes from sleep, and all nature around becomes a living presence. He listens; and into the polished and waxen chambers of the ear comes the hum of cities, the bleating of flocks upon the hills, the sound of the woodman's ax in the deep forest—comes the echoing of the wide welkin above him,—comes, above all, the music of human speech. He opens his eye, and stars that rise upon the infinite seas of space are telegraphed to his vision.

9. We are proverbially insensible to the value of that which we have always possessed; of which we can not go back in our conscious thought to the origin. If seeing were an invention, how should we admire it! We admire the telescope—itself the product of a reasoning power which God has given us, and which will doubtless discover yet greater things.

10. But suppose that the eye had at first been formed to see only this world, and all beyond had been a wall of darkness; and that then, at some given era, there had been superadded to that organ the telescopic power, and upon the human eye had burst the wonders of heaven: how dark on the page of human history would have lain the ages before; and how would that era be forever celebrated, almost as the beginning of human existence.

11. And what is the telescope compared with this, and built at much expense; a cumbrous weight to be carried from place to place, and constructed with elaborate mechanism to turn its axis one way and another; while in the beggar's eye, as he lifts it to heaven, and turns it unconsciously from point to point, is an instrument which all the skill of science, aided by the wealth of empires, could never construct.

12. Say you not, then, even considering man in this light,—only as endowed with senses,—that it is good to be a man? And yet, considering him thus, we have only placed him upon the stage of his life's great action, and given him the materials and the instruments with which he is to work.

Definitions.—1. Prē'çĭnets, *limits, confine, boundary.* 5. Ćăş'-ū al, *occasional, incidental.* O pāque', *dark, obscure. An opaque body is one which resists the transmission of the rays of light; opposed to transparent.* 8. Wĕl'kin, *the visible regions of the air; the sky.* 11. Ăx'is, *the straight line on which a body revolves.*

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54. REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

1. Ill does it become me, O Senators of Rome,—ill does it become Rĕg'ulus, after having so often stood in this venerable assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive—the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs or gall the flesh—yet the heaviest of chains—the pledge of a Roman Consul—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard,—a flame which imprisonment can not stifle, time can not dim, death can not extinguish.

2. Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping—I will not speak. For five years a rigorous captivity has

been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream—no more.

3. But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metĕl'lus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror into the heart of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up.

4. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror, I know not what, impending over myself should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber. Conscript Fathers! shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before your eyes? With one voice you answer, No!

5. Countrymen! Friends! For all I have suffered—for all that I may have to suffer—I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate you may hold me; but oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks I can not utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

6. Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage. Reject them wholly and unconditionally.

What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze can restore to health and vigor? It must not—it shall not be! Oh, were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!"

7. But now, alas! now 't is gone—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burden now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But if he can not *live*, he can at least *die* for his country. Do not deny him the supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily—every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*—will flash on their remembrance and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

8. Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family—forgive the thought! To you and to Rome I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name— no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

Definitions.—1. Cŏn'sul, *one of the two chief magistrates of Rome.* 2. A mĕn'i ties, *pleasures.* 4. In ti mā'tions, *hints, obscure suggestions.* 7. Phā'lanx, *in ancient warfare, a body of soldiers with shields joined and weapons crossing each other, so as to offer very firm resistance to a foe.*

NOTE.—*Regulus*, a Roman general celebrated for his patriotism, was made consul a second time about B. C. 256, at that time an unexampled honor. He commanded the Romans in their first war against Carthage, a powerful nation in northern Africa, routed them, but was in turn defeated. After his speech to the Roman Senate, he returned to Carthage and suffered a most painful death in B. C. 250.

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55. HARRAS, THE BOLD LEADER.

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER (1791–1813) was born in Germany. During his short life he gave frequent evidence of great natural gifts, and wrote plays and dramas of much excellence. It is, however, as a writer of war-songs that Körner is best known, and his efforts in this direction were successful beyond measure. He was killed in a skirmish with the French shortly after completing his patriotic lyric *The Song of the Sword*, which is a model of what a war-song ought to be.

1. THE world yet waited in shadowy light
   The dawn of rising day;
   And scarcely yet had waked the night
   From the slumber in which it lay.
   But hark! along the forest way
   Unwonted echoes rung,
   And all accoutred for the fray
   A band of warriors sprung!

2. And forth they rushed along the plain,
   In thunder, to the fight;
   And foremost of that martial train
   Was Harras, the gallant knight.

They ride upon their secret way,
O'er forest and vale and down,
To reach their foe while yet 't is day,
And storm his castled town.

3. So sally they forth from the forest gloom;
But as they leave its shade,
They rush, alas! to meet their doom,
And their progress is betrayed:
For suddenly bursts upon their rear
The foe, with twice their force;
Then out at once rush shield and spear,
And the charger flies on his course.

4. And the wood in unwonted echoes rang
With the sounds of that deadly fray,
And the saber's clash and the helmet's clang
Is mixed with the courser's neigh.
A thousand wounds have dyed the field
Unheeded in the strife;
But not a man will ask to yield,
For freedom is dearer than life!

5. But their stronger foes must win the day,
And the knights begin to fail;
For the sword hath swept their best away,
And superior powers prevail.
Unconquered alone, to a rocky height
Bold Harras fought his way;
And his brave steed carried him through the fight,
And bore him safe away.

6. And he left the rein to that trusty steed,
And rode from the fatal fray;
But he gave to his erring path no heed,
And he missed the well-known way.

And when he heard the foeman near,
He sprang from the forest gloom;
But as soon as he reached the daylight clear,
He saw at once his doom!

7. He had reached a frightful precipice,
Where he heard the deep waves roll;
For he stood on Schopau'thal's dread abyss,
And horror chilled his soul!
For on yonder bank he could espy
The remnant of his band;
And his heart impatient panted high,
As they waved the friendly hand.

8. And he longed, as he looked o'er that dreadful steep,
For wings to aid his flight;
For that cliff is full fifty fathoms deep,
And his horse drew back with fright.
And he saw, as he looked behind and below,
On either side his grave:
Behind him, from the coming foe;
Before him, in the wave!

9. And he chooses 'twixt death from the foemen's hand,
Or death where the deep waves roll;
Then he boldly rides up to that rocky strand,
And commends to the Lord his soul!
And as nearer he hears the foemen ride,
He seeks the utmost steep;
And he plunges his spurs in his courser's side,
And dares the dreadful leap!

10. And swiftly he sank through the yielding air,
And into the flood he fell;
His steed is dashed to atoms there,
But the knight lives safe and well!

And mid the plaudits of his band,
He stemmed the parting wave,
And soon in safety reached the land,
For Heaven will never forsake the brave!

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56. SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

I. CONVERSATION.

ONE could take down a book from a shelf ten times more wise and witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon[1] is wiser, Swift[2] more humorous, than a person is likely to meet with; but they can not chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book on two legs. —*Campbell.*

II. FIRST AND THIRD THOUGHTS.

MEN have often been warned against old prejudices: I would rather warn them against new conceits. The novelty of an opinion on any moral question is a presumption against it. Generally speaking, it is only the half-thinker, who, in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men, stumbles on new conclusions. The true philosopher searches out something else—the propriety of the feeling, the wisdom of the opinion, the deep and living roots of whatever is fair or enduring. For on such points, to use a happy phrase of Dugald Stewart's,[3] "our first and third thoughts will be found to coincide." —*Hare.*

III. MANNERS.

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. In a great measure, the laws depend on them. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

—*Burke.*

IV. EDMUND BURKE.

BURKE is an extraordinary man; his stream of talk is perpetual. Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full. Burke is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside for shelter but for five minutes, he would talk to you in such a manner that when you parted, you would say, That is an extraordinary man. Now you may be long enough with me without finding any thing extraordinary. —*Johnson.*

V. SOCRATES.

SOCRATES[4] was the reverse of a skeptic: no man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye. No man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was traveling; no man ever combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary with the

acuteness, the inventive resource, and the generalizing comprehension of a philosopher. —*Grote.*

VI. TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BE true to thy friend. Never speak of his faults to another, to show thy own discrimination; but open them all to him with candor and true gentleness. Forgive all his errors and his sins, be they ever so many; but do not excuse the slightest deviation from rectitude. Never forbear to dissent from a false opinion, or a wrong practice, from motives of kindness; nor seek thus to have thy own weakness sustained; for these things can not be done without injury to the soul.

—*Lydia M. Child.*

VII. FAME.

I LOVE and commend a true, good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies; but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter,[5] cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides;[6] but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives. —*Cowley.*

VIII. ACUTENESS AND CUNNING.

AN acute mind and a cunning mind are very dissimilar. The first always pleases; it is unfettered, it perceives the most delicate and sees the most imperceptible matters. A cunning spirit never goes straight,—it endeavors to secure its object by byways and short cuts. This conduct is soon found out; it always gives rise to distrust, and never reaches greatness. —*Rochefoucauld.*

IX. TRUE WORSHIP.

How can the Almighty and Merciful Friend, who is always with us, take delight in sacrifices? Let us purge our minds, and lead virtuous and honest lives. Let us be sure not to admit any evil intentions into our hearts, that we may lift up pure hands to heaven, and ask nothing by which another may lose. —*Seneca.*

X. TRUE RICHES.

BEWARE of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. A certain rich man said, I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God. —*New Testament.*

XI. WORTH CAN NOT DIE.

BEAUTIFUL it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even on this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green. It flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; and one day it will start forth as a visible perennial spring. —*Carlyle.*

Definitions.—4. Ĕb ul lĭ'tion, *an outward display of feeling.* 5. Skĕp'tie, *one who doubts.* 6. Dis erĭm i nā'tion, *penetration, judgment.* Rĕc'ti tūde, *rightness of principle and practice.* 7. Ĕf-fi eā'cioŭs, *producing the effect intended. Particularly it means possessing the quality of being effective.*

NOTES.—1. *Lord Francis Bacon* (1561–1626), the great English philosopher. 2. *Jonathan Swift* (1667–1745), English author and satirist. 3. *Dugald Stewart* (1753–1828) was a celebrated Scottish philosopher. 4. *Socrates* (B. C. 470–B. C. 399), a wise Grecian philosopher. 5. See *Acts* v. 15. 6. *Cato* (B. C. 234–B. C. 149) was a noted Roman patriot, and *Aristides* (B. C. 468) a Greek statesman known as *the Just.*

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57. UPON THE THRESHOLD.

1. ONCE more we stand with half-reluctant feet,
Upon the threshold of another year;
That line where Past and Present seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

2. Look back a moment. Does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh regret?
Can Recollection smile, or, ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

3. Say, canst thou smile when Memory's lingering gaze
Once more recalls the dying year to sight?
Wouldst thou live o'er again those changing days,
Or bid them fade forever into night?

4. A solemn question, and the faltering heart
Scarce dare say "Yes," yet will not quite say "No";
For joy and sadness both have played their part
In making up the tale of "long ago."

5. Here Memory sees the golden sunlight gleam
Across the path of life, and shine a while;
And now the picture changes like a dream,
And sorrow dims the eyes, and kills the smile.

6. Here ends the checkered page of prose and verse,
Of shapely words, and lines writ all awry;
So they must stand for better or for worse;
So shut the book, and bid the year good-by.

58. A WINTER WALK.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817–1862) was born in Massachusetts, and graduated from Harvard in 1837. For a time he assisted his father in the manufacture of lead-pencils, and later became a surveyor, a teacher, and a lecturer. He was also, at times, connected with several newspapers, and was the author of *Cape Cod*, *Walden*, *The Maine Woods*, etc. Thoreau's eccentricity manifested itself early. In 1845 he retired from the world and lived for two years in a house of his own construction on the shore of Walden Pond. Here "he came very near to nature. Nothing escaped his notice, and over birds and beasts and fishes his influence was almost magical. He knew also the ways of the water and the nature of every tree." Thoreau excelled especially in descriptions of natural objects.

1. THE wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along the livelong night. The meadow-mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last, sleep, save when some street-sign or wood-house door has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work.

2. We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every

side, and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

3. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp, clear creak of the wood-sled just starting for the distant market from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble. For through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amidst the trees and snows.

4. We hear the sound of wood-chopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house-dog, and the distant clarion of the cock. The thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and brightest liquids in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a greater distance in the horizon, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged.

5. The sun at length rises through the distant wood as if with the faint clashing, swinging sound of cymbals, melting the air with his beams, and with such rapid steps the morning travels, that already his rays are gilding the distant western mountains. We step hastily along through the powdery snow, warmed by an inward heat, enjoying an Indian summer still, in the increased glow of thought and feeling.

6. The wonderful purity of nature at this season is a most pleasing fact. Every decayed stump and moss-grown stone and rail, and the dead leaves of autumn are concealed by a clean napkin of snow. In the bare fields and tinkling woods, see what virtue survives. In the coldest and bleakest

places, the warmest charities still maintain a foothold. A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it; and accordingly whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence,—a Puritan toughness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valor as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late that the gales may sigh through us, too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for the winter.

7. At length we have reached the edge of the woods, and shut out the gadding town. We enter into their covert as we go under the roof of a cottage, and cross its threshold, all ceiled and banked up with snow. They are glad and warm still, and as genial and cheery in winter as in summer. As we stand in the midst of the pines, in the flickering and checkered light which straggles but little way into their maze, we wonder if the towns have ever heard their simple story. It seems to us that no traveler has ever explored them, and notwithstanding the wonders which science is elsewhere revealing every day, who would not like to have their annals? Our humble villages in the plain are their contribution. We borrow from the forest the boards which shelter, and the sticks which warm us. How important is their evergreen to the winter, that portion of the summer which does not fade, the permanent year, the unwithered grass. Thus simply, and with little expense of altitude, is the surface of the earth diversified.

8. There is a slumbering, subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. It finally melts the great snow, and in January or July is only buried under a thicker or thinner covering. In the coldest

day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around every tree. This field of winter rye which sprouted late in the fall, and now speedily dissolves the snow, is where the fire is very thinly covered. We feel warmed by it. In the winter, warmth stands for all virtue, and we resort in thought to a trickling rill with its bare stones shining in the sun, and to warm springs in the woods, with as much eagerness as rabbits and robins.

Definitions.—1. Zĕph'yr, *a soft, mild, gentle breeze.* 2. Stalăc'tītes, *hanging cones of lime resembling an icicle in form, and hanging from the roofs of caves, etc.* Stalăg'mītes, *deposits of limy matter made in caves by water dropping on the ground.* 3. Măt'ing, *morning prayers or songs.* 4. Clăr'ion, *a loud and shrill note.* 6. Invĭg'orating, *strengthening.* 7. Găd'ding, *idle, without fixed purpose.* Cŏv'ert, *a place which shelters and protects.*

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59. MUSIC.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) was born in England. He received a limited education, knew "little Latin and less Greek," went to London, and rose from a player of minor parts to the joint proprietorship of the largest theater in London. He retired to his native town of Stratford-on-Avon in 1612, where he died. Shakespeare is regarded as "the greatest observer of human nature," "the most august of human intellects," etc. His powers may be judged by the fact that his vocabulary numbered over 15,000 words—larger than that of any other writer in any language, and twice as large as that of Milton. Dr. Johnson said: "Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the successive evolutions of the design sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter." This selection is from *The Merchant of Venice.*

Jessica. I AM never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive,
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood:
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus[1] drew trees, stones, and floods:
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:[2]
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.
Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Nerica. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,[3]
And would not be awaked.

NOTES.—1. *Or'pheus* (-fūs), a mythical person of the ancient Greeks who charmed rocks, trees, and animals with his song.

2. *Er'ebus*, according to the ancient poets, the dark and gloomy cavern under the earth, passed through by those going to Hades.

3. *En dym'ion*, a beautiful shepherd-youth who spent his life in perpetual sleep.

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60. DR. FRANKLIN AND ISRAEL POTTER.

I.

1. THE chamber itself bore evident marks of antiquity. One part of the rough-finished wall was sadly cracked; and, covered with dust, looked dim and dark. But the aged inmate, though wrinkled as well, looked neat and hale. Both wall and sage were compounded of like materials,—lime and dust; both, too, were old; but while the rude earth of the wall had no painted luster to shed off all fadings and tarnish, and still keep fresh without, though with long eld its core decayed, the living lime and dust of the sage was frescoed with defensive bloom of his soul.

2. The weather was warm; like some old West India hogshead on the wharf, the whole chamber buzzed with flies. But the sapient inmate sat still and cool in the midst. Absorbed in some other world of his occupations and thoughts, these insects, like daily cark and care, did not seem one whit to annoy him. There he sat, quite motionless among those restless flies, and with a sound like the low noon

murmur of foliage in the woods, turning over the leaves of some ancient and tattered folio, with a binding dark and shaggy as the bark of any old oak.

3. It seemed as if supernatural lore must needs pertain to this gravely ruddy personage; at least far foresight, pleasant wit, and working wisdom. Old age seemed in nowise to have dulled him, but to have sharpened; just as old dinner-knives—so they be of good steel—wax keen, spear-pointed, and elastic as whale-bone with long usage.

4. Yet though he was thus lively and vigorous to behold, spite of his seventy-two years (his exact date at the time) somehow the incredible seniority of an antediluvian seemed his. Not the years of the calendar wholly, but also the years of sapience. His white hairs and mild brow spoke of the future as well as the past. He seemed to be seven score years old; that is, three score and ten of prescience added to three score and ten of remembrance, makes just seven score years in all.

5. But when Israel stepped within the chamber, he lost the complete effect of all this; for the sage's back, not his face, was turned to him. So, intent on his errand, hurried and heated with his recent run, our courier entered the room, inadequately impressed for the time by either it or its occupant.

6. "Bon jour, bon jour, monsieur," said the man of wisdom, in a cheerful voice, but too busy to turn round just then. "How do you do, Doctor Franklin," said Israel. "Ah! I smell Indian corn," said the Doctor, turning round quickly on his chair. "A countryman; sit down, my good sir. Well, what news? Special?" "Wait a minute, sir," said Israel, stepping across the room towards a chair.

7. Now there was no carpet on the floor, which was of dark-colored wood, set in lozenges, and slippery with wax, after the usual French style. As Israel walked this slippery floor, his unaccustomed feet slid about very strangely, as if walking on ice, so that he came very near falling.

8. "'Pears to me you have rather high heels to your boots," said the grave man of utility, looking sharply down through his spectacles; "Don't you know that it's both wasting leather and endangering your limbs to wear such high heels? I have thought at my first leisure to write a little pamphlet against that very abuse. But pray, what are you doing now? Do your boots pinch you, my friend, that you lift one foot from the floor that way?"

9, At this moment, Israel, having seated himself, was just putting his right foot across his left knee. "How foolish," continued the wise man, "for a rational creature to wear tight boots. Had nature intended rational creatures should so do, she would have made the foot of solid bone, or perhaps of solid iron, instead of bone, muscle, and flesh. But I see! Hold!"

10. And springing to his own slippered feet, the venerable sage hurried to the door and shot-to the bolt. Then drawing the curtain carefully across the window looking out across the court to various windows on the opposite side, bade Israel proceed with his operations. "I was mistaken this time," added the Doctor, smiling, as Israel produced his documents from their curious recesses—"your high heels, instead of being idle vanities, seem to be full of meaning."

11. "Pretty full, Doctor," said Israel, now handing over the papers. "I had a narrow escape with them just now."

"How? How's that?" said the sage, fumbling the papers eagerly. "Why, crossing the stone bridge there over the Seen——"

"Seine," interrupted the Doctor, giving the French pronunciation. "Always get a new word right in the first place, my friend, and you will never get it wrong afterwards."

12. "Well, I was crossing the bridge there, and who should hail me but a suspicious-looking man, who, under

pretense of seeking to polish my boots, wanted slyly to unscrew their heels, and so steal all these precious papers I've brought you." "My good friend," said the man of gravity, glancing scrutinizingly upon his guest, "have you not in your time, undergone what they call hard times? Been set upon, and persecuted, and very illy entreated by some of your fellow-creatures?" "That I have, Doctor; yes, indeed."

13. "I thought so. Sad usage has made you sadly suspicious, my honest friend. An indiscriminate distrust of human nature is the worst consequence of a miserable condition, whether brought about by innocence or guilt. And though want of suspicion more than want of sense sometimes leads a man into harm, yet too much suspicion is as bad as too little sense. The man you met, my friend, most probably had no artful intention; he knew just nothing about you or your heels; he simply wanted to earn two sous by brushing your boots. Those blacking-men regularly station themselves on the bridge."

14. "How sorry I am then that I knocked over his box, and then ran away. But he didn't catch me." "How? Surely, my honest friend, you,—appointed to the conveyance of important secret despatches—did not act so imprudently as to kick over an innocent man's box in the public streets of the capital, to which you had been especially sent?" "Yes, I did, Doctor."

15. "Never act so unwisely again. If the police had got hold of you, think of what might have ensued." "Well, it was not very wise of me, that's a fact, Doctor. But, you see, I thought he meant mischief." "And because you only thought he meant mischief, you must straightway proceed to do mischief. That's poor logic. But think over what I have told you now, while I look over these papers."

16. In half an hour's time the Doctor, laying down the documents, again turned towards Israel, and removing his

spectacles very placidly, proceeded in the kindest and most familiar manner to read him a paternal detailed lesson upon the ill-advised act he had been guilty of, upon the Pont Neuf;[1] concluding by taking out his purse, and putting three small silver coins into Israel's hands, charging him to seek out the man that very day, and make both apology and restitution for his unlucky mistake.

17. "All of us, my honest friend," continued the Doctor, "are subject to making mistakes; so that the chief art of life is to learn how best to remedy mistakes. Now one remedy for mistakes is honesty. So pay the man for the damage done to his box. And now, who are you, my friend? My correspondents here mention your name—Israel Potter—and say you are an American, an escaped prisoner of war, but nothing further. I want to hear your story from your own lips."

18. Israel immediately began, and related to the Doctor all his adventures up to the present time. "I suppose," said the Doctor, upon Israel's concluding, "that you desire to return to your friends across the sea?" "That I do, Doctor," said Israel. "Well, I think I shall be able to procure you a passage."

19. Israel's eyes sparkled with delight. The mild sage noticed it and added, "But events in these times are uncertain. At the prospect of pleasure never be elated; but, without depression, respect the omens of ill. So much my life has taught me, my honest friend." Israel felt as though a plum pudding had been thrust under his nostrils, and then as rapidly withdrawn.

20. "I think it is probable that in two or three days I shall want you to return with some papers to the persons who sent you to me. In that case you will have to come here once more, and then, my good friend, we will see if arrangements can not be perfected towards getting you safely home again."

II.

1. ISRAEL was pouring out torrents of thanks when the Doctor interrupted him. "Gratitude, my friend, can not be too much towards God, but towards man it should be limited. No man can possibly so serve his fellow as to merit unbounded gratitude. Overgratitude in the helped person is apt to breed vanity or arrogance in the helping one. Now in assisting you to get home—if indeed I shall prove able to do so—I shall be simply doing part of my official duty as agent of our common country.

2. "So you owe me just nothing at all, but the sum of these coins I put in your hand just now. But that, instead of repaying to me hereafter, you can, when you get home, give to the first soldier's widow you meet. Don't forget it, for it is a debt, a pecuniary liabilty, owing to me. It will be about a quarter of a dollar in the Yankee currency. A quarter of a dollar, mind. My honest friend, in pecuniary matters always be exact as a second-hand; never mind with whom it is, father or stranger, peasant or king, be exact to a tick of your honor."

3. "Well, Doctor," said Israel, "since exactness in these matters is so necessary, let me pay back my debt in the very coins in which it was loaned. There will be no chance of mistake then. Thanks to my Brentford friends, I have enough to spare of my own, to settle damages with the boot-black of the bridge. I only took the money from you because I thought it would not look well to push it back after being so kindly offered." "My honest friend," said the Doctor, "I like your straightforward dealing. I will receive back the money." "No interest, Doctor, I hope," said Israel.

4. The sage looked mildly over his spectacles upon Israel and replied, "My good friend, never permit yourself to be

jocose upon pecuniary matters. Never joke at funerals, or during business transactions. The affair between us two you perhaps deem very trivial, but trifles may involve momentous principles. But no more at present. You had better go immediately and find the boot-black. Having settled with him, return hither, and you will find a room ready for you near this, where you will stay during your sojourn in Paris."

5. "But I thought I would like to have a little look round the town before I go back to England," said Israel. "Business before pleasure, my friend. You must absolutely remain in your room, just as if you were my prisoner, until you quit Paris for Calais. Not knowing now at what instant I shall want you to start, your keeping to your room is indispensable. But when you come back from Brentford again, then, if nothing happens, you will have a chance to survey this celebrated capital ere taking ship for America. Now go directly and pay the boot-black. Stop, have you the exact change ready? Don't be taking out all your money in the open street."

6. "Doctor," said Israel, "I am not so simple." "But you knocked over the box." "That, Doctor, was bravery." "Bravery in a poor cause is the height of simplicity, my friend. Count out your change. It must be French coin not English, that you are to pay the man with. Ah, that will do—those three coins will be enough. Put them in a pocket separate from your other cash. Now go and hasten to the bridge."

7. "Shall I stop to take a meal anywhere, Doctor, as I return? I saw several cook-shops as I came hither." "Cafés and restaurants, they are called here, my honest friend. Tell me, are you the possessor of a liberal fortune?" "Not very liberal," said Israel.

8. "I thought as much. Where little wine is drunk, it is good to dine out occasionally at a friend's; but where a poor

man dines out at his own charge, it is bad policy. Never dine out that way, when you can dine in. Do not stop on the way at all, my honest friend, but come directly back hither, and you shall dine at home, free of cost, with me." "Thank you very kindly, Doctor."

9. And Israel departed for the Pont Neuf. Succeeding in his errand thither, he returned to Doctor Franklin, and found that worthy envoy waiting his attendance at a meal, which according to the Doctor's custom, had been sent from a neighboring restaurant. There were two covers; and, without attendance, the host and guest sat down. There was only one principal dish,—lamb boiled with green peas. Bread and potatoes made up the rest. A decanter-like bottle of uncolored glass, filled with some uncolored beverage, stood at the venerable envoy's elbow.

10. "Let me fill your glass," said the sage. "It's white wine, is it not?" said Israel. "White wine of the very oldest brand; I drink your health in it, my honest friend." "Why, it's plain water," said Israel, now tasting it. "Plain water is a very good drink for plain men," replied the wise man. "Yes," said Israel, "but Squire Woodcock gave me perry, and the other gentleman at White Waltham gave me port, and some other friends have given me brandy."

11. "Very good, my honest friend; if you like perry and port and brandy, wait till you get back to Squire Woodcock, and the gentleman at White Waltham, and the other friends, and you shall drink perry and port and brandy. But while you are with me, you will drink plain water." "So it seems, Doctor."

12. "What do you suppose a glass of port costs?" "About three pence English, Doctor." "That must be poor port. But how much good bread will three pence English purchase?" "Three two-penny rolls, Doctor." "How many glasses of port do you suppose a man may drink in one meal?"

"The gentleman at White Waltham drank a bottle at a dinner."

13. "A bottle contains just thirteen glasses—that's thirty-nine pence, supposing it poor wine. If something of the best, which is the only sort any sane man should drink, as being the least poisonous, it would be quadruple that sum, which is one hundred and fifty-six pence, which is seventy-eight two-penny loaves. Now, do you not think that for one man to swallow down seventy-eight two-penny rolls at one meal is rather extravagant business?"

14. "But he drank a bottle of wine; he did not eat seventy-eight two-penny rolls, Doctor." "He drank the money worth of seventy-eight loaves, which is drinking the loaves themselves; for money is bread." "But he has plenty of money to spare, Doctor." "To have to spare, is to have to give away. Does the gentleman give much away?" "Not that I know of, Doctor."

15. "Then he thinks he has nothing to spare; and thinking he has nothing to spare, and yet prodigally drinking down his money as he does every day, it seems to me that that gentleman stands self-contradicted, and therefore is no good example for plain, sensible folks like you and me to follow. My honest friend, if you are poor, avoid wine as a costly luxury; if you are rich, shun it as a fatal indulgence. Stick to plain water.

16. "And now, my good friend, if you are through with your meal, we will rise. There is no pastry coming. Pastry is poisoned bread. Never eat pastry. Be a plain man, and stick to plain things. Now, my friend, I shall have to be private until nine o'clock in the evening, when I shall be again at your service. Meantime you may go to your room. I have ordered the one next to this to be prepared for you. But you must not be idle. Here is Poor Richard's Almanac,[2] which, in view of our late conversation, I commend to your earnest perusal.

17. "And here, too, is a Guide to Paris, an English one, which you can read. Study it well, so that when you come back from England, if you should then have an opportunity to travel about Paris to see its wonders, you will have all the chief places made historically familiar to you. In this world, men must provide knowledge before it is wanted, just as our countrymen in New England get in their winter's fuel one season to serve them the next."

18. So saying, this homely sage and household Plato[3] showed his humble guest to the door, and, standing in the hall, pointed out to him the one which opened into his allotted apartment.

Definitions.—I. 1. Sāġe, *a wise man; one of gravity and wisdom.* 2. Sā'pi ent, *knowing, discerning.* Cärk, *worry, trouble.* 4. Ăn te dĭ lū'vi an, *before the flood; hence, pertaining to a very old man.* Prē'sçi ençe, *foresight.* 6. Bŏn jour', *good-morning.* Mon sieur' (mo sēer'), *sir or mister.* 16. Rĕs ti tū'tion, *the act of making good any loss or injury. This word differs from* reparation, *inasmuch as the latter relates to moral injury, while* restitution *is used only of deprivation of property.* II. 1. Ăr'ro gançe, *pride, conceit.* 2. Pe cū'ni a ry, *relating to money.* 4. Trĭv'i al, *of little importance. It is used of that which has no real force by reason of the commonplace character of the thing. It differs from* trifling, *for a trifling remark need not exercise our care, because it is not worth listening to.*

NOTES.—1. *Pont Neuf*, a bridge crossing the Seine at the lower end of the Island, erected at the close of the sixteenth century.

2. *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a yearly publication written by Dr. Franklin, first issued in 1732. The popularity of this almanac for twenty-five years was due to the collection of wise and quaint speeches attributed to "Poor Richard."

3. *Plato*, a Greek philosopher; born B. C. 429, died B. C. 348.

Benjamin Franklin was sent to France as Minister by the American Colonies in 1776. He remained several years at the French court, and aided in the negotiations which secured independence for the United States.

61. CHARACTER OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859) was born in England. After graduating from Cambridge University, he was admitted to the bar in 1826. A year previously he began to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his introduction to the world through his writings gained him wealth, renown, and a title of nobility. He entered Parliament when thirty years of age, where his eloquence for many years was the wonder of all who heard him. His best works are a *History of England*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and *Miscellanies*, including his best speeches and the papers contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. Macaulay's style is brilliant, and is noted for its splendid imagery. During his career he was the autocrat of his special field of letters.

1. CONCERNING Louis the Fourteenth[1] himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the words, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James the First[2] would have called king-craft,—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects.

2. Though his internal administration was bad,—though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself,—though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations,—though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book, he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity.

3. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles[3] came to see him dine and

and sup. Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence.

4. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire,[4] who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be that he was rather below than above the middle size.

5. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man.

6. His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière.[5] In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant.

7. He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the court, a schism raging in the church, an immense debt, an empty treasury, immeasurable palaces, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and

nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing.

8. Yet it does not appear that the associations which attached the people to the monarchy had lost strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests, but he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him most unpopular,—the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while beyond the inclosure of his parks nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair,—seemed to increase the attachment which his subjects felt for him.

Definitions.—1. Cŏn'sum māte, *complete, perfect.* 2. Ad min is trā'tion, *government.* 6. Serū'ti nīze, *to search minutely, to examine closely.* 7. Schĭşm, *separation by reason of difference of opinion.* Ex erĕs'çençe, *any thing growing unnaturally.*

NOTES.—1. *Louis XIV.* (1638–1715), (The Grand), whose long reign was one of the most remarkable in French history. 2. *James I.* of England (1566–1625), who prided himself greatly on his wisdom and knowledge of the motives that actuate men. 3. The French kings held their courts at *Versailles*, a city distant eight miles from Paris. 4. *Voltaire* (1694–1778), a French writer of plays, poetry, and history. He wrote an account of the reign of Louis XIV. 5. *Boileau* (1636–1711) and *Molière* (1622–1673), were noted French authors.

62. THE PETRIFIED FERN.

Mrs. MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH (1840–18—) was born in Connecticut. Mrs. Branch has written much for the newspapers and periodicals—principally short stories and poems for young people. This selection and *The Little Yellow Bee* are her best-known poems.

1. IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender,

Waving, when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way:
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

2. Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way:
No one came to note it, day by day.

3. Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away:
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

4. Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep:
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

63. WOOD-PATHS.

WILSON FLAGG (1805–1884) was born in Massachusetts. He left Harvard College where he had entered, in order to devote himself to the study of medicine; but, finding a more congenial field in political discussion, he never practiced his profession. Later he devoted himself to studies connected with agriculture, and wrote much and well. He was the author of numerous books describing outdoor life, among which are *The Birds and Seasons of New England* and *Halcyon Days*, from which this selection is taken.

1. OH, happy path to blisses unknown in the outer world! Guide to joys that revelers can not feel nor the ambitions know! Wherever there is gladness or beauty, or melody of birds and fountains, or little dells full of roses and honeysuckles, or dripping rocks green with velvet mosses and variegated lichens,—to all this the wood-path leads the way; now safe through copses of tangled green-brier and clematis; through borders of roses untrained by art and not planted by man; through beds of raspberries intermingled with ferns, and thickets of tremulous aspens interwoven with sunshine, then under solemn pines opening into a grander solitude, where dwells perpetual twilight,—halls familiar with darkness at noonday, and visited only by the rays of the morning and evening sun.

2. Every-where there is a store of essences on the dewy air, sometimes a scent of pines such as a mild south wind at twilight will waft through our windows from a neighboring grove; then the perfume of oaks, less sweet and aromatic, but like that which we may suppose to have surrounded the oracle of Dodona.[1]

3. Now a mild breeze will waft us the scent of strawberry-beds, bearing a message to the bee that tells where the flowers have spread their feast of nectar. At every season the air about these paths is full of sweet odors, that would communicate to our senses the proximity of certain plants. Not a flower appears that does not give some balmy notice of its

presence; not a zephyr wanders through this avenue but with wings laden as if it had passed over the plains of Araby.

4. While strolling in one of these paths, where the ruts of the wagoner's wheels are hardly perceptible along the green turf, I am affected with a glow of pleasure that can not be felt in a nicely-graveled walk through the grounds of a palace. I feel a sense of tranquil and poetic seclusion here, that would dissolve, as by a spell, at the least appearance of ornamental design. It is difficult to explain the philosophy of this sentiment. But Nature, whose works perfectly harmonize with the rude wood-path and the artless operations of rustic toil, refuses her blessing to the nicely-trimmed avenue and the ambitious designs of wealth and pride.

5. In a graveled walk through a lordly estate, there is neither seclusion nor repose; in the pathless wood seclusion soon becomes painful solitude; but in the unadorned wood-path is sweet retirement, while an endless maze of verdure and flowers renders the solitude charming.

Definitions.—1. Vā′ri e gāte, *to mark with different colors.* Cŏpse, *a wood of small growth.* 2. Ĕs′sençe, *perfume, odor, scent; the matter constituting perfume.* Ăr o măt′ie, *fragrant, strong-scented.*

NOTE.—1. A town in ancient Greece where the oak trees were supposed to reveal the will of the gods.

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64. PRESUMPTION AND DESPAIR.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (1807–1886) was born in Ireland. He was educated at Cambridge University in England, and in 1829 entered the Church. Here he rose rapidly, and in 1864 became archbishop of Dublin, which position he resigned in 1884. His published works are numerous and valuable, and include *Notes on the Parables, Study of Words, English Past and Present*, etc. He first became known to the public as a poet.

1. ONE time I was allowed to steer
Through realms of azure light:
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
A lower, meaner flight;
But here shall evermore abide
In light and splendor glorified.

2. My heart one time the rivers fed,
Large dews upon it lay;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away,
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

3. But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor, wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing;
Nailed to the ground and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

4. And when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

5. But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to naught,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If aught can teach us aught:
One lesson rather to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

65. THE OLD NEW ENGLAND SQUIRE.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL (1822–18—) was born in Connecticut. He graduated at Yale College in 1841. In 1850 *The Reveries of a Bachelor* appeared, and in 1851, *Dream-Life*, both of which are written in a delicate, dreamy manner, but served to establish the reputation of an author already well known through several minor works. Mr. Mitchell has visited Europe several times, and in 1853 was appointed consul to Venice, where he remained two years. He is now living on his farm, Edgewood, near New Haven, Connecticut. Among Mr. Mitchell's later books, *Dr. Johns*, *Wet Days at Edgewood*, and *About Old Story-Tellers* are the best known.

1. His dress is homely, but neat. Being a thorough-going Protectionist, he has no fancy for the gew-gaws of foreign importation, and makes it a point to appear always in the village church and on all great occasions, in a sober suit of homespun. He has no pride of appearance, and he needs none. He is known as the Squire throughout the township; and no important measure can pass the board of selectmen without the Squire's approval; and this from no blind subserviency to his opinion, because his farm is large, and he is reckoned "forehanded," but because there is a confidence in his judgment.

2. He is jealous of none of the prerogatives of the country parson, or of the school-master, or of the village doctor; and, although the latter is a testy politician of the opposite party, it does not at all impair the Squire's faith in his calomel; he suffers all his Radicalism with the same equanimity that he suffers his rhubarb.

3. The day-laborers of the neighborhood and the small farmers consider the Squire's note of hand for their savings better than the best bonds of city origin; and they seek his advice in all matters of litigation. He is a Justice of the Peace, as the title of Squire in a New England village implies; and many are the country courts that you peep upon from the door of the great dining-room.

4. The defendant always seems to you in these important cases,—especially if his beard is rather long,—an extraordinary ruffian, to whom Jack Shepherd[1] would have been a comparatively innocent boy. You watch curiously the old gentleman sitting in his big arm-chair, with his spectacles in their silver case at his elbow, and his snuff-box in hand listening attentively to some grievous complaint; you see him ponder deeply with a pinch of snuff to aid his judgment, and you listen with intense admiration as he gives a loud, preparatory "Ahem," and clears away the intricacies of the case with a sweep of that strong practical sense which distinguishes the New England farmer,—getting at the very hinge of the matter without any consciousness of his own precision, and satisfying the defendant, by the clearness of his talk, as much as by the leniency of his judgment.

5. His lands lie along those swelling hills which in southern New England carry the chain of the White and Green mountains, in gentle undulations, to the borders of the sea. He farms some fifteen hundred acres "suitably divided," as the old-school agriculturists say, into "woodland, pasture, and tillage." The farmhouse, a large, irregularly-built mansion of wood, stands upon a shelf of the hills looking southward, and is shaded by century-old oaks. The barns and out-buildings are grouped in a brown phalanx a little northward of the dwelling.

6. Between them a high timber gate opens upon the scattered pasture lands of the hills; opposite to this and across the farm-yard which is the lounging-place of scores of red-necked turkeys and of matronly hens clucking to their callow brood, another gate of similar pretensions opens upon the wide meadow land, which rolls in a heavy "ground swell" along the side of a mountain river.

7. A veteran oak stands sentinel at the brown meadow-gate, its trunk all scarred with the ruthless cuts of new-ground axes, and the limbs garnished in summer with the

crooked snathes of murderous-looking scythes. The high-road passes a stone's-throw away, but there is little travel to be seen; and every chance passer will inevitably come under the range of the kitchen windows, and be studied carefully by the eyes of the stout dairy-maid, to say nothing of the stalwart Indian cook.

8. This last you can not but admire as a type of that noble old race among whom your boyish fancy has woven so many stories of romance. You wonder how she must regard the white interlopers upon her own soil; and you think that she tolerates the Squire's farming privileges with more modesty than you would suppose.

9. You learn, however, that she pays very little regard to white rights when they conflict with her own; and further learn, to your deep regret, that your Princess of the old tribe is sadly addicted to cider drinking; and having heard her once or twice with a very indistinct "Goo-er night Sq-quare," upon her lips, your dreams about her grow very tame.

10. The Squire, like all very sensible men, has his hobbies and peculiarities. He has a great contempt, for instance, for all paper money; and imagines banks to be corporate societies skillfully contrived for the legal plunder of the community. He keeps a supply of silver and gold about him, in the foot of an old stocking; and seems to have great confidence in the value of Spanish milled dollars. He has no kind of patience with the new doctrines of farming. Liebig[2] and all the rest he sets down as mere theorists; and has far more respect for the contents of his farmyard than for all the guano-deposits in the world.

11. The Squire has been in his day connected more or less intimately with turnpike enterprise, which the railroads of the day have thrown sadly into the background; and he reflects often in a melancholy way, upon the good old times when a man could travel in his own carriage quietly across

the country without being frightened with the clatter of an engine, and when turnpike stock paid wholesome yearly dividends of six per cent.

Definitions.—1. Sub sĕrv'i en çy, *the condition of being used by another to promote some special end. One person is subservient to another when he allows himself to be made a tool of.* 2. Pre rŏg'a-tĭve, *an exclusive or peculiar privilege.* Ē qua nĭm'i ty, *evenness of mind.* 3. Lĭt i gā'tion, *a lawsuit.* 4. Lē'ni en çy, *mildness, without rigor.* 10. Thē'or ĭst, *one who forms theories. It is used in contempt of those who fail to learn by experience.* Guā'no, *a substance found on dry islands, which are much frequented by sea-fowls. Valued highly as a manure.*

NOTES.—1. *Jack Shepherd* was a noted English robber and ruffian of the latter part of the eighteenth century. 2. *Justus von Liebig* (1803–1873) was a noted German chemist.

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66. THE DUMB CREATION.

Mrs. ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH BOTTA (1820–18—) was born in Vermont. She commenced writing at an early age, and was very successful, contributing many stories, poems, and criticisms to the leading periodicals. Mrs. Botta has published several poems which have been much admired, besides a *Hand-Book of Universal Literature*, containing sketches of the best authors and their works.

1. DEAL kindly with those speechless ones
That throng our gladsome earth;
Say not the bounteous gift of life
Alone is nothing worth.

2. What though with mournful memories
They sigh not for the past?

What though their ever joyous Now
No future overcast?

3. No aspirations fill their breast
With longings undefined;
They live, they love, and they are blest,
For what they seek they find.

4. They see no mystery in the stars,
No wonder in the plain;
And Life's enigma wakes in them
No questions dark and vain.

5. To them earth is a final home,
A bright and blest abode;
Their lives unconsciously flow on
In harmony with God.

6. To this fair world our human hearts
Their hopes and longings bring,
And o'er its beauty and its bloom
Their own dark shadows fling.

7. Between the future and the past
In wild unrest we stand;
And ever as our feet advance,
Retreats the promised land.

8. And beating on our prison-bars,
Our spirits ask more room,
And with unanswered questionings,
They pierce beyond the tomb.

9. Then say thou not, oh doubtful heart,
There is no life to come;
That in some tearless, cloudless land
Thou shalt not find thy home.

67. THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

RICHARD HILDRETH (1807–1865) was born in Massachusetts. He was admitted to the bar in 1830, but, after two years' successful practice, abandoned the law for journalism. In this he was eminently successful; and, as editor of the Boston *Atlas*, his articles gave that paper a decided leadership in the thought of New England. Mr. Hildreth's health compelled him to reside much abroad, and in 1861 he was appointed consul at Trieste, Austria. His *History of the United States*, in six volumes, was his most important work. It is in some respects our best history, as it covers a longer period than Bancroft's work.

1. COVERED by a regiment of Pennsylvania militia ordered out for that purpose, and having overcome, by energy and indefatigable perseverance a thousand obstacles incident to naval equipment on that, as it then was, remote and thinly-settled frontier, Perry had at length completed at Erie two war brigs, the Lawrence and the Niagara, each armed with eighteen thirty-two pound carronades and two long twelves. The bar, a protection to the ships while building, was now a serious obstacle to their getting out; but, during a temporary absence of the British squadron, whose chief employment it had been for some time past to watch the harbor, advantage was taken to lighten them over.

2. Having received the re-enforcement of sailors sent by Chauncey, and taken on board, to complete his equipment, one hundred and fifty men from Harrison's army, Perry sailed for Malden, to offer battle to the enemy. His squadron consisted of the two new brigs, the captured Caledonia with three heavy guns, the Ariel with four long twelves, the Scorpion and Somers, each of two guns, and three other small lake vessels of one gun each; a total of fifty-five guns and nine vessels.

3. The enemy's squadron, commanded by Captain Barclay, an experienced seaman, consisted of the Detroit, a new ship just finished, of nineteen long guns, the ship Queen

Charlotte, of seventeen, the schooner Lady Prevost, of thirteen, and the brig Hunter, of ten guns, besides two smaller vessels. Their whole number of guns was sixty-three, inferior in weight of metal to those of the American squadron, though better suited to an action at long shot. Perry had also some advantage in able seamen, Barclay's vessels being chiefly manned by Canadian watermen and soldiers. The entire crews on either side amounted to about five hundred men.

4. In hopes of additional sailors, Barclay for some time avoided an action; but, disappointed in this, and getting short of provisions, he presently left Malden to seek an engagement. Perry lay at Put-in-bay, among the group of islands off Sandusky, a favorable station for intercepting the British fleet.

5. Early in the morning the squadrons approached each other in order of battle; but the wind was so light that it was noon before they came within reach. Barclay thus had the advantage of commencing the action at long shot, and also that of concentrating almost all his whole fire upon the Lawrence, Perry's flag-ship, which led the American line, supported by the Ariel and Scorpion, and presently by the Caledonia.

6. This fire, kept up for two hours and a half, occasioned a great slaughter, dismounted the guns of the Lawrence, disabled her sails, and made her almost a complete wreck. As the wind freshened, the other vessels passed her, and Perry, entering his boat, went on board the Niagara, Lieutenant Elliot, which had hitherto taken little part in the action, but now became the leading ship. Elliot assumed the command of the Somers, and exerted himself to bring up the smaller vessels.

7. The British, in attempting to wear so as to encounter this fresh enemy with fresh broadsides, disordered their line, through which the Niagara passed, firing both broadsides at

once, and followed and supported by the smaller vessels; and such was the effect of her heavy carronades that the British ships all soon struck. The combat had lasted about three hours, with a loss on either side of one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, Barclay himself among the latter.

Definitions.—1. Ĭn de făt'i ga ble, *unwearied.* Căr ron ade', *a kind of short cannon designed to throw a large ball with a small rate of motion.* Twĕlve, *a cannon throwing a ball weighing twelve pounds.* 7. Weâr, *to turn in another course.*

NOTE.—The battle of Lake Erie was fought Sept. 10th, 1813. It was the first time that a whole British fleet was surrendered. See *Eclectic History of U. S.*, p. 219.

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68. SOLITUDE.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON (1788–1824), was born in London. His father was a worthless profligate, who, after wasting his wife's fortune, deserted her. Byron's first volume, *Hours of Idleness*, was severely criticised, and the poet retorted with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, one of the most caustic books of the age. He afterwards wrote several long poems, of which *Childe Harold* is the best. *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Don Juan* are of less power, but any one would serve to make the reputation of a poet. He died in Greece while aiding that nation in their struggle with the Turks. His greatest strength as a writer was in the field of description, particularly of striking and majestic scenery.

1. To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs the fold:
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—

This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

2. But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
To roam along, the world's wide denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, or sued;
This is to be alone; this is solitude.

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69. A CARNIVAL OF LIGHT.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (1830–1885) was born in Massachusetts. She received a thorough education, but did not commence to write till she was thirty years of age. She published several volumes—verses, travels, short stories, and novels. Her best books are *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor*, both of which deal with the wrongs of the Indians, in whose welfare Mrs. Hunt took a strong interest in her later life. Her writings are sparkling and vivacious, sometimes extravagant, but always suggestive. The following selection is adapted from *Bits of Travel at Home*.

1. FROM the top of the square granite rock off which the Merced leaps in the Pi-wy-ack Fall runs a narrow staircase-way down to the bottom of the cañon. It is a staircase, and not a ladder; for the steps are not rounds, and there is a railing to cling to. But it feels like a ladder, and most persons can get down easier by going backward. You land at the mouth of a shallow cave, whose whole roof is fringed with the dainty maiden-hair fern. There is only a narrow rocky run between you and the mad river which is foaming

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down the cañon. On each side the stone walls rise almost vertically, and are thickly wooded with firs and cedars.

2. There you are, you and the river, together at the bottom of this crevice. It is easy to see what would become of you if the river were suddenly to crowd a little. Every pine, every cedar, every moss is glistening. The bowlders are black, they are so wet. You can look only a little way down the cañon, for the spray rises in clouds which lap, and roll, and spread like steam. Going a few steps into it, and looking back to the Fall, you see that just at the upper edge it is emerald green for a hand's-breadth, perhaps, no more; then it breaks all at once, in an instant, into millions of distinct drops, sparkling, whirling, round as dew-drops, falling in perpetual showers.

3. No need here to travel for the magic rainbow end where the money lies. It follows you, it trips you up, it tangles around your feet. As I first walked back toward the Fall, after going as far out in the spray as I dared, I accidentally slipped on a rolling stone. I looked down quickly to find a firmer footing; and I looked down upon a broad band of the most brilliant rainbow. I exclaimed at the sight; but as I exclaimed, the rainbow slipped to the left, then as I advanced it slowly retreated, as if luring me to the Fall. Suddenly as it came it vanished on the surface of a wet bowlder. A step or two back into the spray, and it danced under my feet; a step or two forward, and it was gone.

4. "These ain't any thing," said Murphy. "The place where you get the rainbows is down there," pointing into what looked like the mouth of a steaming caldron, some rods down the cañon.

5. Through this we must go if we walked down to Lady Franklin's Rock. Remembering the choked breath and dripping hair of the people we had seen the day before, we hesitated; but, remembering also the joy which flashed in their eyes, we longed.

6. Leaping from stone to stone, poising on slippery logs under water, clinging to Murphy's hand as to a life-preserver, blinded, choked, stifled, drenched, down into that cañon, through that steaming spray, we went. It was impossible to keep one's eyes open wide for more than half a second at a time. The spray drove and pelted, making great gusts of wind by its own weight as it fell. It seemed to whirl round and round, and wrap us, as if trying to draw us down into the black depths.

7. It was desperately uncomfortable and dangerous, no doubt. But what of that? We were taken into the heart of a carnival of light. Rainbows rioted every-where, and we were crowding and jostling through as we could. The air was full of them; the ground danced with them; they climbed, and chased, and tumbled mockingly over our heads and shoulders, and across our faces. I nearly lost my footing, laughing at one, made chiefly of blue and purple, which flitted across Murphy's left eyebrow. They wheeled, and broke into bits, and flew; they swung, and revolved, and twined.

8. When I looked at them in the air, I could think of nothing but a gigantic loom on which threads of rainbow were being shuttled and woven with magic swiftness. When I looked down into the confusion of dark bowlders and pools under our feet, I could think of nothing but gigantic mill-hoppers spinning round and grinding up purple, and blue, and yellow, and green, and red. I held out my hand, caught the threads of the loom, stopped them, turned them, snapped them. I leaned down and dipped into the purple, and blue, and yellow, and green, and red, and lifted them in the hollow of my palm. I do not think anybody could have come nearer to the secrets of rainbows if he had sat in the sky and watched the first one made.

9. There was nobody waiting at the Rock to laugh at us as we also came, running, bending over, parting the wet

bushes over our heads, panting, stamping, dripping, and looking like upright seals or walruses.

"Oh, Mr. Murphy, how thankful we are to you for making us come down that way," we exclaimed.

10. The east meadow-land of Ah-wah'nee looked lovelier than ever as we rode slowly back through it at sunset. Long shadows linked tree to tree in the groves; the little brooks reflected bits of crimson cloud and yellow sky; the azalia blossoms seemed to expand, like white wings, in the dimmer light; and the primroses were all shut.

NOTE.—This selection is taken from a description of a visit of Mrs. Jackson to the Yosemite Valley. *Murphy* is the guide.

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70. JERUSALEM.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1805–1881) was born of Hebrew parents in London. He was educated privately, and, though intended for the law, his inherited bent for literature soon asserted itself, and his father, a distinguished man of letters, furthered his desire. *Vivian Grey* was published in 1827, and was received with applause by the most fastidious critics. Disraeli now set out on his travels, and his *Letters* during four years are full of interest. He entered Parliament in 1837, and, though he was so unfortunate as to be hissed when he made his first speech, he was soon at the head of the Conservative party. In 1854, and again in 1858 as chancellor, Disraeli practically held the reins of government. He became prime minister in 1874, holding the position six years. In 1877 he was created Earl of Beaconsfield.

1. THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsem'ane on the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehos'aphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silvery blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it en-

circles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Zion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts.[1]

2. The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar,[2] and not by Sarah's chosen one;[3] close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 't is the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of David, and the divine Son[4] of the most favored of women,[5] twice sunk under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchi'sedek[6] built his mystic citadel.

3. The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze

that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe.

4. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city?

5. There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands;—but the lawgiver[7] of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch[8] whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher[9] whose doctrines have marked civilized Europe,—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

6. The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehosaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulcher is a beacon-light.

Definitions.—2. Çĭt'a del, *a castle near a fortified city, intended as a final point of defense.* 4. Deigned, *condescended.* 6. Mĭn'a ret, *a slender tower used on the buildings of Turkey and other parts of the East.*

NOTES.—1. *Capitolian* and *Aventine Mounts*, two of the seven hills on which the original city of Rome is fabled to have been built. 2. The *Mohammedans*, who are supposed to be the descendants of Ishmael. 3. *Isaac*, the Hebrew. 4. *Jesus Christ.* 5. *Mary*, the mother of Jesus. 6. *Melchisedek*, "king of righteousness," see *Genesis* xiv: 18. 7. *Moses.* 8. *King Solomon.* 9. Another reference to *Jesus Christ.*

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71. YOUTH AND AGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834) was born in England. He received a university education, but his unstable disposition caused him to lose many of the advantages it offered. He wrote dramas, sermons, delivered lectures, and projected a system of philosophy. The *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, written in 1798 and 1799, are "two of the noblest pieces of imaginative writing produced by a modern poet." To those who can appreciate the weird beauty of the latter, it is without a peer in literature. In his old age his influence was keenly felt: described as the "broadest, deepest, and most effectual genius of the nineteenth century," his work was but fragmentary in any department, partly induced by an excessive use of opium. The following poem was written when Coleridge was a prematurely old man, and is unsurpassed in the annals of pathetic literature.

1. VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when.
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aerie cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

2. Flowers are lovely: Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

3. Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
O youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that Thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It can not be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled:
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still.

4. Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning

That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave,
Like some poor, nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstaid his welcome-while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Definitions.—1. Aē'rie, *very high or lofty.* 3. Con çēit', *an ill-founded or odd notion produced by continued thinking on a subject. This use of the word was common in England in Coleridge's time, but it is seldom employed by the best writers of to-day.*

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72. COMPENSATION.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882) was born in Massachusetts. He was descended from a family noted for its strong religious tendencies. He entered the ministry, but resigned after three years of service, and in 1834 settled in Concord, near Boston, which was his home till his death. Most of his work was first given to the public in the form of lectures, which were subsequently revised for the press. They include *English Traits*, *Letters and Social Aims*, *Representative Men*, etc. Matthew Arnold has said that Emerson's essays are "the most important work done in prose" in the nineteenth century; while his poems, though lacking technical skill, embody a natural melody which disdains conventional methods and forms. Emerson will long be remembered as one of the first of American intellects.

1. ALL infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good

for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

2. Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money?

3. There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

4. A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more.

5. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we can not render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the bene-

fit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

6. Labor is watched over by the same pitiless law. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good-sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good-sense applied to navigation; in the house, good-sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good-sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate.

7. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, can not be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor can not be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, can not extort the benefit, can not extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Definitions.—1. In frăc'tion, *in this connection, a breach or violation of a law of conduct. The best use of the word is in the violation of public rights, infringement referring particularly to social laws.* In ter pĕn e trā'tion, *to enter or be received between other substances.* 7. Dū'al, *from a Latin word meaning* two; *hence, double, twofold; any thing divided into two.* Coun'ter feit, *to imitate without right, and with the desire to defraud for a supposed personal good.*

73. HYMN TO THE OCEAN.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA (1802–1845) was born in Ireland. He emigrated to America in 1827, and immediately commenced a career as a contributor to the magazines and reviews, and was for some years correspondent for several Eastern newspapers. He wrote a few poems, a tragedy, and some romances, which show some evidences of power; but he died before giving to the world any thing of lasting value.

1. LIKENESS of heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee!

2. What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In the deep waters shines!
The proud navies that cover
The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

3. Yes, thou art almighty,
Eternal, sublime,
Unweakened, unwasted,—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

4. But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then, then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou!

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74. THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT (1794–1865), clergyman, man of letters, editor, professor, and politician, was born in Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard in 1811, and three years later was ordained as pastor of one of the Boston churches. From 1825 to 1860 Mr. Everett was engaged in political life, as Representative, Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, and Secretary of State, and in 1860 he was one of the candidates for Vice-president. He was also editor of the *North American Review* for many years, and was president of his *alma mater* from 1846 to 1849. Everett is a wonderful example of what the scholar may become in American politics. He managed the duties of his various offices with rare tact and judgment, and brought to Congress "a degree of learning and ability and eloquence such as few equaled and none surpassed."

1. FROM the dark portals of the Star Chamber,[1] and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness, were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven[2] had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

2. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into severity and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

3. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which this little band of Pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel—one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons.

4. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and dangerous autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the power and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured.

5. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. They kept far away from the enterprise all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims.

6. No Carr[3] nor Villiers[4] desired to conduct the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were desirous to quit their cathedrals, and set up a splendid hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados[5] of ice and of snow. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not

afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strown; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

7. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel.

8. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel.

9. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisoned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

10. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New

England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on this distant coast?

11. Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? Was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

12. And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

Definitions.—3. Cu pĭd'i ty, *eager desire to possess something, especially valuable possessions or power. It is often applied to a love of wealth.* 5. Au stēre', *severe in judging one's self, but not necessarily of others, in matters of conduct. It is a habit rather than a principle.* 6. Hī e rärch'y, *a form of government solely controlled by priests or clergy.* 7. Çir cū'i toŭs, *indirect.*

NOTES.—1. *Star Chamber*, a court at Westminster, England. So called because the ceiling or roof was decorated with gilt stars. This court punished such offenses as the laws of the land made no provision for. Its rulings were sometimes very harsh and arbitrary in their nature.

2. The *Puritans* set sail from Delfthaven, Holland, in August, 1620.

3. *Sir Robert Carr*, an English statesman, who died in 1667.

4. *George Villiers*, duke of Buckingham; born 1592, died 1628.

5. *El Dorado*, a name given by the Spaniards to an imaginary country, supposed to be situated in the interior of South America, where all manner of wealth lay freely exposed. Hence, any goal greatly to be desired.

75. TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

1. THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bow-lines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

2. Open one point[1] on the weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head?[2]
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

3. I stand at the wheel, and, with eager eye,
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

4. The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays,
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

5. It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

6. And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

7. No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down, helm! Hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

8. High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a lee!"

9. With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

10. The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,
The spanker slats, and the main sail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

11. Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for, "Mainsail haul!"

12. And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

13. "Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

14. What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

15. And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells[3] have struck and my watch is below.

Definitions.—1. Tạut, *tight.* 10. Clēat, *a piece of wood employed on ships to lead ropes through. Its most common form is that of a piece of wood having two arms, and fastened by the middle to some part of the vessel, as a mast.* 14. Be lāy′, *to make fast, as a rope, by taking several turns with it round a cleat.*

NOTES.—1. *Open one point,* directions for sailing, referring to the compass.

2. *Fire Island Head,* on the south shore of Long Island, New York.

3. *Eight bells:* bells are struck every half hour.

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76. THE TOILER.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881) was born in Scotland. He was not distinguished at school or college for scholarly acquirements, probably by reason of his unfortunate temper, which was a drawback to him all his life. *Sartor Resartus,* from which this selection is taken, is his most thoughtful work, though every thing he wrote had a purpose and a lesson in it. Carlyle was the most potent force in the world of letters during his long career. He was a writer of vast powers, and battled stoutly for the practical aspect of life devoid of all romance. His style was vigorous, but at times stilted and obscure. Probably no man was more talked of, criticised, and honored than Thomas Carlyle.

1. Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like.

2. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because I must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our con-

script, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles, wert so marred.

3. For on thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacement of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable,—for daily bread.

4. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!

5. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he may have light and guidance, freedom, immortality?—these two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

6. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he, that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such a one now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

Definitions.—1. Ĭn de fēa′si bly, *in a manner not to be made void or rendered valueless.* 2. Cŏn′script, *one taken by lot and compelled to serve as a soldier or a sailor.* 4. Ĭn dis pĕn′sa ble, *impossible to be omitted or spared; absolutely necessary.* 5. Ĭm-mor tăl′i ty, *unending existence; said of the soul.*

77. GOOD-BY.

ELIZA COOK (1818–18—), was born in London, England. She received a liberal education, and in 1849 commenced the publication of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which she edited till ill-health compelled her to resign in 1854. Miss Cook published *Diamond Dust* in 1865, among other volumes, and, though not indicating high poetic gifts, the simplicity of theme and treatment have endeared them to a large class of readers, as evinced by the numerous editions of her poems which have been issued.

1. FAREWELL! Farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'Tis a whispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-by!"

2. Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good-by!"

3. Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand—
A long, a last—"Good-by."

78. WASHINGTON.

THEODORE PARKER (1810–1860) was born in Massachusetts. He received an excellent education, and at an early age became a minister of the Unitarian Church; but his extreme views led to his withdrawal from that body. He became an independent preacher and lecturer, and such was his zeal that his health speedily gave way. He died in Florence, Italy, where he had gone to recruit. Mr. Parker was interested in all matters pertaining to reform, and he aided various causes with great force and effect. He was also popular as a lecturer. His published works include most of his later sermons, addresses, and essays.

1. IN his person, Washington was six feet high, and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large, his chest broad and full, his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating, the nose large and massy, the mouth wide and firm, the chin square and heavy, the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous. He required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States, but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk. He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty.

2. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body, and, while calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons, he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He was not critical about his food, but fond of tea. He took beer or cider at dinner, and occasionally wine. He hated drunkenness, gaming, and tobacco. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life.

3. There was nothing of the politician in him,—no particle of cunning. He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style, and after the Revolution carefully corrected the letters he had written in the time of the French War, more than thirty years before.

4. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

5. It has been said Washington was not a great soldier; but certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials, out-generaled all that Britain could send against him, and in the midst of poverty and distress, organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright," which Franklin says is "hard."

6. Some men command the world, or hold its admiration by their ideas or by their intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply-cultured mind. He commands by his integrity, by his justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would make him king. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn at Mount Vernon.

7. Washington is the first man of his type: when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence; but the people should not complain.

8. Cromwell[1] is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity, immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness, or gives us so high a type of manly virtue.

He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot, nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble. His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as the father of his country. The people are his memorial.

9. The New York Indians hold this tradition of him. "Alone of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian heaven, because of his justice to the red men. He lives in a great palace, built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, and with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing." Such is the reward of his justice to the red men. God be thanked for such a man!

Definitions.—2. Dī'a phrăgm, *the muscle separating the chest from the abdomen.* 6. Des pŏt'ie, *absolute in power. In the present sense it is power acquired with the consent and by the aid of others.* 7. Rhĕt o rĭ'cian, *an orator; an artificial orator as opposed to one who is genuine.*

NOTE.—1. *Oliver Cromwell* (1599–1658), lord protector of the English commonwealth.

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79. THE LARK.

1. I HEARD the lark, that soared on quivering wing,
Pour forth his strains of melody above,
Far out of sight, and yet I heard him sing
His ceaseless, melting song of thankfulness and love.

2. I watched him rise from where, on lowly ground,
His mate sat waiting for her young ones' birth;

That bird, whose notes in heaven above shall sound,
Its humble, modest nest builds low on mother earth.

3. Still pouring forth his flood of song in flight,
Swiftly he rose, on trembling pinions, high,
Smaller and smaller to my aching sight,
Till lost in boundless depths of azure summer sky.

4. I stood and listened, e'en, when far beyond
My bounded vision had he upward soared,
Till nature, touched by music's magic wand,
Seemed full of rapturous song and heavenly sweet accord.

NOTE.—This is the English sky-lark, which is of a dark-brown color, builds its nest in fields, and sings as it rises almost perpendicularly.

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80. THE VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

JOHN BACH MCMASTER (1852–18—) was born in Brooklyn, New York. He received his education in New England, and in 1883 became professor of history in the University of Pennsylvania. His *History of the People of the United States*, which is to be completed in five volumes, and from which this selection is taken, has attracted wide attention, and has been commended for its accuracy and impartial judgments on the events of the past.

1. THERE was no class of dwellings at that day so pleasant as the rural seats of the Virginia gentry. The house was usually of wood, one story and a half or two stories high, for it dated back to a time when the country did not yet furnish permanent building materials, except at vast expense, or provide skilled architects to make use of them.

2. But the spacious gardens, laid out in the prim style, with the terraces, the arbors, the box-borders, and the geometrically-shaped parterres so fashionable a century since;

the cupola; the broad veranda supported on massive columns; the high chimney of sun-baked bricks; the ample dimensions of the structure, and the broad entrance, gave to it an aspect of stateliness by no means diminished by the lack of architectural adornments, and the windows full of diminutive panes of ill-pressed glass.

3. It was, however, in the internal arrangements that the good taste and good sense of the owner were most apparent. The spacious rooms were decorated with carved oaken wainscoting, reaching above the mantel-piece in an unbroken expanse of flowers, and grinning faces and armorial devices in the corners. There were Chelsea figures, and Japanese cabinets, and Kidderminster carpets; sideboards full of plate; and huge tiled fire-places whose brass andirons shone like gold; nor were the stairways and landings wanting in grandeur.

4. In such abodes the heads of the great families, whose estates stretched far inland from the banks of the Rappahannock, live splendidly and hospitably. Numerous slaves and white servants attended them in every capacity that use or ostentation could suggest. When they rode out, their steps were followed by a splendid train of mounted servants; when they traveled in state, their cumbrous and richly appointed coaches were drawn by six horses driven by postilions in livery; and their tables were loaded with the luxuries of the Old and the New World.

5. The chief enjoyment of a rich Virginian was derived from his greyhounds, his fishing-rod, his gun, in summer; his books and the festivities of the State capital in winter. His chief serious employments were to sit on the bench at the assizes, to vote addresses and bills in the House of Deputies, and to attend the Governor at the muster of the militia, in which he was usually an officer of rank.

6. The military bearing of these provincial troops might indeed excite the derision of men who, in Europe, had

marched under Frederick to the fields of Rossbach, of Zorndoff, and Torgau,[1] or had fought with the Duke of Cumberland at Colloden;[2] but their courage was unquestionable, and their skill had turned to victory more than one doubtful contest with the French and Indians.

7. High-spirited, ardent, accustomed from childhood to fencing and the use of fire-arms, to bold riding, and to that manly and perilous sport which has so well been named the image of war, they formed, when the war opened, a body of soldiers by no means to be despised. There was scarcely one among them who had not borne an honorable part in actions which were not sham fights. Some had shared the victory of the Great Meadows; had defended to the last Fort Necessity,[3] and, when no longer tenable, marched out with all the honors of war; had followed Washington and Braddock to the fatal field of Monongahela, and by their coolness and skill, covered the disorderly retreat of the more disciplined soldiers of England.

8. Others, too young to have shared in such exploits, had hastened when Independence was declared, to join the army commanded by the illustrious Virginian, had stood by him in his retreat through the Jerseys, marched with him through the ice and snow of that glorious December morning when he charged the Hessian camp at Trenton, took part in the fight at Princeton, shared in the defeats at Brandywine and Germantown,[4] and beat back the troops of Cornwallis when they sallied from the works at Yorktown.

9. The heir of an estate usually passed his boyhood and youth on his father's plantation, rode every morning attended by his servant to the school kept in the neighboring parish by a clergyman of the English Church, passed thence to William and Mary's college, spent a winter at Richmond, and came back to the old hall an aspirant for a seat in the House of Deputies.

10. His opinions respecting forms of government and

forms of creed were not the result of long study or of deep meditation, but were inherited with his estate, which passed from father to son by the strictest laws of entail. Whether Catholicism or Protestantism embraced the purer creed or the more divine form of worship, whether nations were wiser, better governed, more prosperous, under hereditary monarchs, electoral princes, or presidents, were matters on which it would have puzzled him to give an opinion.

11. He was devotedly attached to the ritual and polity of the Anglican Church, because his father and grandfather had been so before him, and because he believed them to be a necessary badge of what he considered his patrician descent; he was a non-imposter, not because his reading had taught him that imposts were bad things, but because the men on whom he looked down with contempt were strongly in favor of the measure. The few deductions indeed which he derived from reading had much of a foreign character, for his books, like the lace for his hat and the frill for his shirt, his silver shoe-buckles and his sword, came from over the sea.

Definitions.—1. Är'chi tĕct, *a person skilled in the art of building; one who makes it his business to form plans and designs of buildings.* 2. Pär têrre', *an ornamental arrangement of beds or plots in which flowers are cultivated. In the spaces between these beds there is usually gravel or turf for walking on.* 3. Wāin'scoting, *a wooden lining or boarding of the walls of rooms, made in panels.* 4. Ŏs ten tā'tion, *the act of making an ambitious display; unnecessary show.* Pos tĭl'ion, *one who rides and guides the first pair of horses in a coach. Formerly the coaches of gentlemen were drawn by two, and sometimes three, pairs of horses. Postilions are not now used for private conveyances.* 7. Tĕn'a ble, *capable of being held or defended, as against an enemy.* 9. As pīr'ant, *one who seeks a position with eagerness.* 11. Im'pōst, *that which is imposed or levied; a tax or duty laid by government on goods imported into a country.*

NOTES.—1. *Frederick the Great* (1712–1778), king of Prussia, whose victories at *Rossbach* (1757), at *Zorndorf* (1758), and *Torgau* (1760)—

three of the most famous battles of the Seven Years' War—won for him the title of the greatest general of the age.

2. *The duke of Cumberland* defeated the Scotch under the Pretender, the last of the Stuart dynasty, at Culloden, Scotland, in 1746.

3. In 1754 Washington obtained a victory over the French and Indians at *Great Meadows* in western Pennsylvania; but, being attacked by a superior force in *Fort Necessity*, near the site of his victory, he was compelled to surrender.

4. The battles at *Trenton* and *Princeton*, New Jersey, and at *Brandywine* and *Germantown*, Pennsylvania, were four of the most important fights of the Revolution.

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81. THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Mrs. CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON (1808–1877) was born in England. *The Dandies' Rout*, a satire published in 1825, established her reputation, and led to her marriage with the Honorable George Norton; but they were separated after three years. Mrs. Norton took much interest in social problems, and opposed child labor in one of her most popular works, the *Voice from the Factories*. She also aided the cause by her personal exertions. In 1868 she published *Old Sir Douglas*, and in 1870 *The Rose of Jericho*, a charming story, and by many thought to be her most finished work.

1. WORD was brought to the Danish king
   (Hurry!)
   That the love of his heart lay suffering,
   And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
   (O ride as though you were flying!)
   Better he loves each golden curl
   On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
   Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl:
   And his rose of the isles is dying!

2. Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
   (Hurry!)
   Each one mounting a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

3. His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that, answering, smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

4. The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portals stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

5. The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

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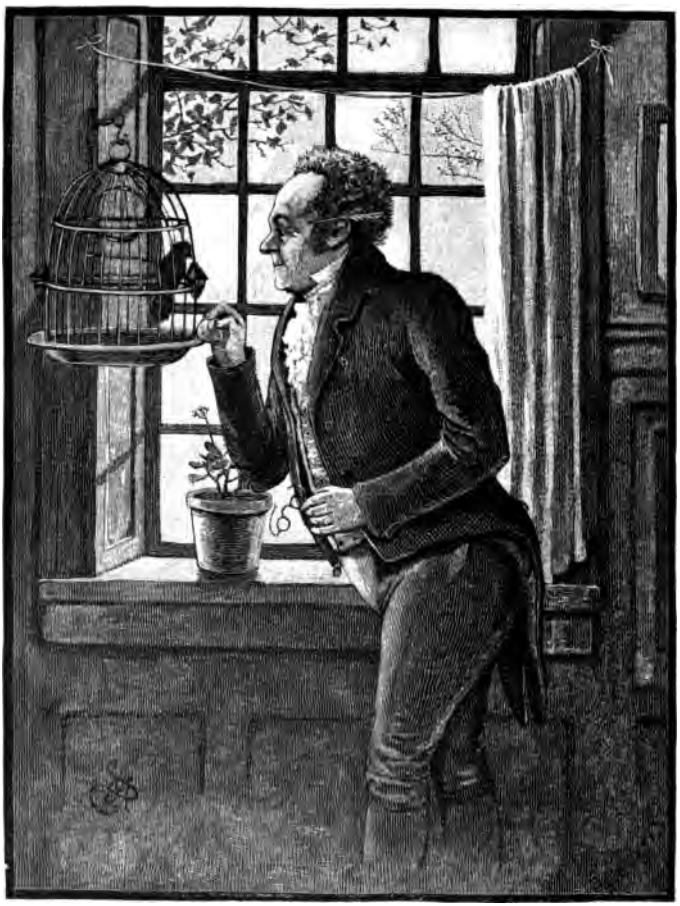
82. MR. TIMOTHY LINKINWATER.

1. THERE was scarcely an object in the place, animate or inanimate, which did not partake in some degree of the scrupulous method and punctuality of Mr. Timothy Linkinwater. Punctual as the counting-house dial, which he maintained to be the best time-keeper in London next after the clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by, the old clerk performed the minutest actions of the day, and arranged the minutest articles in the little room, in a precise and regular order, which could not have been exceeded if it had actually been a real glass case, fitted with the choicest curiosities.

2. Paper, pens, ink, ruler, sealing-wax, wafers, pouncet-box, string-box, fire-box, Tim's hat, Tim's scrupulously-folded gloves, Tim's other coat—looking precisely like a back view of himself as it hung against the wall—all had their accustomed inches of space. There was not a bird of such methodical and business-like habits in all the world, as the blind blackbird who dreamed and dozed away his days in a large, snug cage, and had lost his voice from old age, years before Tim first bought him.

3. There was not such an eventful story in the whole range of anecdote as Tim could tell concerning the acquisition of that very bird; how, compassionating his starved and suffering condition, he had purchased him, with a view of



humanely terminating his wretched life; how he determined to wait three days and see whether the bird revived; and how he went on reviving and picking up his appetite and good looks until he gradually became what—"what you see him now, sir," Tim would say, glancing proudly at the cage.

4. And with that, Tim would utter a melodious chirrup, and cry "Dick"; and Dick, who, for any sign of life he had previously given, might have been a wooden or stuffed representation of a blackbird indifferently executed, would come to the side of the cage in three small jumps, and, thrusting his bill between the bars, turn his sightless head towards his old master—and at that moment it would be very difficult to determine which of the two was the happier, the bird or Tim Linkinwater.

5. Nor was this all. Every thing gave back, besides, some reflection of the kindly spirit of the brothers. The warehousemen and porters were such sturdy, jolly fellows that it was a treat to see them. Among the shipping-announcements and steam-packet lists which decorated the counting-house wall, were designs for almshouses, statements of charities, and plans for new hospitals.

6. A blunderbuss and two swords hung above the chimney-piece for the terror of evil-doers; but the blunderbuss was rusty and shattered, and the swords were broken and edge-less. Elsewhere, their open display in such a condition would have raised a smile; but, there, it seemed as though even violent and offensive weapons partook of the reign-ing influence, and became emblems of mercy and for-bearance.

7. It was a sight to behold Tim Linkinwater slowly bring out a massive ledger and day-book, and, after turning them over and over, and affectionately dusting their backs and sides, open the leaves here and there, and cast his eyes, half mournfully, half proudly, upon the fair and unblotted entries. "Four-and-forty year, next May!" said Tim. "Many new ledgers since then. Four-and-forty year!" Tim closed the book again.

8. "Come, come," said Nicholas, "I am all impatience to begin." Tim Linkinwater shook his head with an air of mild reproof. Mr. Nickleby was not sufficiently impressed

with the deep and awful nature of his undertaking. Suppose there should be any mistake—any scratching out!—

9. Young men are adventurous. It is extraordinary what they will rush upon, sometimes. Without even taking the precaution of setting himself down upon his stool, but standing leisurely at the desk, and with a smile upon his face—actually a smile; (there was no mistake about it; Mr. Linkinwater often mentioned it afterwards;)—Nicholas dipped his pen into the inkstand before him, and plunged into the books of Cheeryble Brothers!

10. Tim Linkinwater turned pale, and, tilting up his stool on the two legs nearest Nicholas, looked over his shoulder in breathless anxiety. Brother Charles and brother Ned entered the counting-house together; but Tim Linkinwater, without looking round, impatiently waved his hand as a caution that profound silence must be observed, and followed the nib of the inexperienced pen with strained and eager eyes.

11. The brothers looked on with smiling faces, but Tim Linkinwater smiled not, nor moved for some minutes. At length he drew a long, slow breath, and, still maintaining his position on the tilted stool, glanced at brother Charles, secretly pointed with the feather of his pen towards Nicholas, and nodded his head in a grave and resolute manner, plainly signifying "He'll do."

12. Brother Charles nodded again, and exchanged a laughing look with brother Ned; but, just then Nicholas stopped to refer to some other page, and Tim Linkinwater, unable to contain his satisfaction any longer, descended from his stool, and caught him rapturously by the hand.

13. "He has done it!" said Tim, looking round at his employers and shaking his head triumphantly. "His capital B's and D's are exactly like mine; he dots all his small *i*'s and crosses every *t* as he writes it. There ain't such a young man as this in all London," said Tim, clapping Nicholas on

the back; "not one. Don't tell me! The city can't produce his equal. I challenge the city to do it!"

14. With this casting down of his gauntlet, Tim Linkinwater struck the desk such a blow with his clenched fist that the old blackbird tumbled off his perch with the start it gave him, and actually uttered a feeble croak, in the extremity of his astonishment.

15. "Well said, Tim—well said, Tim Linkinwater!" cried brother Charles, scarcely less pleased than Tim himself, and clapping his hands gently as he spoke, "I knew our young friend would take great pains, and I was quite certain he would succeed in no time. Did n't I say so, brother Ned?"

16. "You did, my dear brother—certainly, my dear brother, you said so, and you were quite right," replied Ned. "Quite right. Tim Linkinwater is excited, but he is justly excited, properly excited. Tim is a fine fellow. Tim Linkinwater, sir—you 're a fine fellow."

17. "Here 's a pleasant thing to think of!" said Tim, wholly regardless of this address to himself, and raising his spectacles from the ledger to the brothers. "Here 's a pleasant thing. Do you suppose I have n't often thought what would become of these books when I was gone? Do you suppose I have n't often thought that things might go on irregular and untidy here, after I was taken away? But now," said Tim, extending his forefinger towards Nicholas, "now, when I 've shown him a little more, I 'm satisfied. The business will go on, when I am dead, as well as it did when I was alive—just the same; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that there never were such books—never were such books! No, nor never will be such books—as the books of Cheeryble Brothers."

18. Having thus expressed his sentiments, Mr. Linkinwater gave vent to a short laugh, indicative of defiance to the cities of London and Westminster, and turning again to his desk,

quietly carried seventy-six from the last column he had added up, and went on with his work.

19. "Tim Linkinwater, sir," said brother Charles; "give me your hand, sir. This is your birthday. How dare you talk about any thing else till you have been wished many happy returns of the day, Tim Linkinwater? God bless you, Tim! God bless you!"

"My dear brother," said the other, seizing Tim's disengaged fist, "Tim Linkinwater looks ten years younger than he did on his last birthday."

20. "Remember, Tim," said brother Charles, "that we dine at half-past five to-day instead of two o'clock; we always depart from our usual custom on this anniversary, as you very well know, Tim Linkinwater. Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, you will make one. Tim Linkinwater, give me your snuff-box as a remembrance to brother Ned and myself of an attached and faithful rascal, and take that, in exchange, as a feeble mark of our respect and esteem, and don't open it until you go to bed, and never say another word upon the subject, or I'll kill the blackbird. Now, brother Ned, my dear fellow, I'm ready. At half-past five, remember, Mr. Nickleby! Tim Linkinwater, sir, take care of Mr. Nickleby at half-past five. Now, brother Ned."

21. Chattering away thus, according to custom, to prevent the possibility of any thanks or acknowledgment being expressed on the other side, the twins trotted off, arm in arm, having endowed Tim Linkinwater with a costly gold snuff-box, inclosing a bank-note worth more than its value ten times told.

Definitions.—3. Ăc qui sĭ'tion, *the act of obtaining.* 4. Chĭr'rup, *to make a short, sharp sound with the mouth after the manner of birds or crickets.* 14. Gāunt'let, *a glove of mail used as a defense for the hand, in ancient warfare. To throw down this glove was to offer a challenge to battle. Hence the use of the word here, meaning the opposing of one's opinion against that of other people.*

NOTE.—From the novel of "Nicholas Nickleby." *Timothy Linkinwater* is represented as the old and attached book-keeper of *Cheeryble Brothers*, and *Nicholas Nickleby* as a well-educated young man and the hero of the story. This is one of the best of Dickens' novels, being freer from exaggeration than most of his other works, and sustaining a more completely developed plot than is usual with him.

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83. HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GÖTHE (1749–1832) was born in Germany. He studied at Leipsic, and, graduating in 1771, went to Frankfort with the intention of becoming an advocate; but he soon drifted into literature, and, creating a new school, is now characterized by his German admirers as "the greatest literary power the world has ever seen." His works vary greatly in force and in moral tone, but *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Werther*, and his unrivaled *Lyrics* belong to the realm of pure literature, and take rank with the best works of any country. Göthe boasted of his many-sided character, but this at times became a real defect. His private life was not irreproachable, but was at least in accord with the morals of the time.

1. WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

2. Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

3. Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die;

Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

4. Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

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84. THE WOOD-THRUSH.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851), one of the greatest of American naturalists, was born in Louisiana. His father, a French sea-captain, had designed him for the navy; but, recognizing his son's talent for drawing and for natural history, allowed him to pursue his studies as he chose, and aided him personally in many ways. Audubon's life-work, *The Birds of America*, was published in four volumes, the first issued in 1830, and the last in 1839. The price was $1000 per set, and, though he had great difficulty in securing subscribers, he never became discouraged. Audubon was a man of striking personality. While devotedly attached to his family, he never seemed so happy as when preparing for a journey through the forests. He may be regarded as the typical lover of nature.

1. THIS bird is my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of the woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender bed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in

one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in my immediate neighborhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought.

2. How often, after such a night, when, far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus situated, when I have seen the fruits of my labors on the eve of being destroyed, as the water, collected into a stream rushed through my little camp and forced me to stand erect shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ague, when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, trying in vain to destroy the tormenting mosquitoes, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting, perhaps if ever again I should return to my home and embrace my family! how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest-trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day! and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the wood-thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that never ought man to despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

3. The wood-thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm as I have attempted to describe; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright, refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their in-

tensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight.

4. The gray vapor that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiriting hope.

5. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the wood-thrush while he thinks of the courses he ought to pursue, and, as the bird approaches to peep at him and learn somewhat of his intentions, he raises his mind toward the Supreme Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed, have I heard the song of this thrush without feeling all that tranquillity of mind to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favorable.

6. The thickest and darkest woods appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favorite resorts. There it is that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

Definitions.—1. Fu tĭl′i ty, *the quality of coming to nothing; want of effect.* Văç′il lā ting, *wavering.* 3. Re frăct′, *to break the natural course of, as rays of light.* Ef fŭl′gent, *diffusing a flood of light; shining, bright.*

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85. THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

1. THE final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is

just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

2. Ariosto[1] tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

3. Such a spirit is liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

4. There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he can not bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

5. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The

extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

6. Many politicians of our times are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Definitions.—1. Dŏg'ma tĭsm, *great positiveness of opinion. A dogma is that laid down by those deemed competent to decide the question as absolutely true. This word and its different forms, as* dogmatism, *etc., is generally used in a repulsive sense.* Sŏph'ĭsms, *false arguments designed to lead the mind astray.* 2. Lōath'sŏme, *disgusting.* 5. Cō a lĕsçe', *to unite or grow together.* E dūçed', *brought about; produced against adverse influence.* Chā'os, *a confused or disordered state of things; disorder in general.*

NOTE.—1. *Ariosto*, an Italian poet; born 1474, died 1533.

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86. THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS (1817–1875) was born in England. He was appointed clerk of the Privy Council in 1859, and held that position till his death. He devoted a large part of his leisure to literature, and though not a strong writer, he had a happy style, and his books obtained a wide popularity. His work may be divided into drama, history, and social essays, and include *Ivan de Brion*, *The Spanish Conquest of America*, *Claims of Labor*, and *Friends in Council*. This last contains his best thoughts, and is characterized by justness, discrimination, and force.

1. IN the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the

present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy.

2. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

3. Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

4. Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

5. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that every thing is to be settled by sufficient reason. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them.

6. If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves

is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

7. One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we can not call to mind any soothing effect.

8. Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or, rather, speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

9. Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends or meet him in company with them.

10. Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their

tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

Definitions.—6. Prō′to tȳpe, *the original after which any thing is copied.* 7. Dĭs ser tā′tion, *formal and elaborate discourse.* 10. Con çĭl′i āte, *to put forth efforts to gain the affections or good will of a person for one's self.* An tĭp′a thy, *dislike. It is used of causeless dislike, or of that in which the cause can not be defined.* Antipathy *is based upon a supposition, very often without basis in fact. It is not so strong a word as* hatred, *but generally develops into a strong degree of aversion.*

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87. LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.

Mrs. MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE (1821–18—) was born in Massachusetts. After completing her studies, she taught for some years in her native State and in Virginia, and upon her marriage with Daniel P. Livermore, a Universalist clergyman, she became his associate in the editorial labors of the *New Covenant*, a paper of which he was publisher. During the war Mrs. Livermore rendered valuable aid to her country, taking an active part in the sanitary fairs, and organizing numerous relief societies. Since the war she has devoted a great portion of her time to lecturing. In 1865 she published *Pen Pictures*, and in 1878 *Thirty Years too Late*, a temperance story.

1. DEEP they laid the strong foundations,
   High the massive walls upreared,
   And the tall and sculptured columns
   Marble forest-trees appeared.
   Out from these the groinèd arches
   Sprang in grace and strength o'erhead;
   And a high and vaulted ceiling
   Gave the heart a sense of dread,
   Stretching dim above the head.

2. Then they built the lofty altar,
Whence the incense-flame might rise;
Here the holy cross was planted,
For the sinner's tearful eyes.
And they hollowed shadowed niches,
To inshrine the statues rare,
Which, with pale hands ever folded,
Seem outpouring ceaseless prayer,
Of the hallowed place aware.

3. Then they sank the tinted window
Far within the massive wall,
That, subdued, the slanting sunbeams
Through the pillared aisles might fall.
And they crowned each arching buttress
With a tall and gilded spire,
To reflect the ruddy morning,
Or the glorious sunset-fire,
When glows red day's funeral pyre.

4. Never lagged the weary workmen,
Who, with pious zeal elate,
Raised to God a holy temple,
To his worship consecrate.
Never lacked they gold or silver,
Never lacked they jewels rare;
And the soft and shining splendor
Was infused into the air,
From the gold and jewels rare.

5. So they wrought till all was ended,
Save the dome that capped the whole,
When the builders, worn and weary,
Rested from their lengthened toil.
Night dropped down her starry curtain,
Midnight hushed the world to rest;

When, adown the rifted heavens,
Softer than the rosiest west,
Came the angels of the blest.

6. Brighter than the woven moonlight
Were the robes the angels wore;
Brighter than the sun of noonday
Were the implements they bore.
All that night a murmured music
Rippled out upon the air;
All that night the heavenly builders
Toiled with superhuman care—
Toiled with skill and beauty rare.

7. Mortals' hands could ne'er have framed it,—
That unique and gorgeous dome;
Angels only could have planned it,
In their wondrous angel-home.
Toiled they on till dawn of morning,
Noiseless, save their heavenly lay,
When, complete, the dome was finished
With the sunlight's earliest ray,
And the angels fled the day.

8. Came once more the pious builders,
With their zeal and strength new-born;
But, behold! the dome, completed,
Had already kissed the morn!
Bright and dazzling was the radiance
From the gilded roof that streamed;
And the cross made dim the sunlight
With the brilliance of its beam!
Was it thus, or did they dream?

9. On their knees they sank in wonder,
On their knees they sank in prayer;

"Sure," they said, "God's holy angels
In the night have labored here.
Let us call it Angel-City,
Where the Holy Ones have wrought,
And let rare, votive offerings
To the sacred place be brought.
Do the angels know our thought?"

10. Ay, 'tis so. Encamping round us,
Angels list whate'er we say;
And they come and go about us,
In the night-time and the day.
Doubt not, if thy aim be holy,
They will aid thee in thy need;
Doubt not they are watching o'er thee,
When true purpose shapes thy deed—
Trust the angels when they lead.

Definitions.—1. Grōined, *having an angular curve made by the intersection of two arches. The two syllables are required in the text by the meter.* 3. Bŭt'tress, *a projecting support to the exterior of a wall.* 7. U nïque', *without a like or equal; unmatched.*

NOTE.—*La Puĕb'la de los An'gelos* literally means the City of the Angels. The poem recounts an old Spanish tradition.

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88. THE PINE.

HUGH MACMILLAN (1833–18—) was born in England. He was educated principally at the University of Edinburgh, entered the ministry, and has held pastorates in various parts of England and Scotland. Dr. Macmillan is a voluminous writer on many subjects, chiefly on those relating to the Church and to Science. Among his books are *The Olive Leaf*, *Holidays on High Lands*, and *Bible Teachings in Nature*, from which this selection is taken.

1. OF all kinds of forest vegetation, the pine tribe is the most widely diffused, and the most generally useful. Some species or other may be found from the snows of Lapland to

the hottest regions of the Indian Archipelago, and from the level of the sea to the highest limit of trees on the mountain ranges. Figuratively it is said of the cedar that its branches shall cover the earth; literally we find the range of its distribution co-extensive with the surface of the globe.

2. But though thus mingling with the box-tree and the myrtle-tree in their chosen haunts, and there beautifying the place of God's sanctuary, and making the place of his feet glorious, there are special regions where the pine forms the sole arboreal vegetation. As the palm is the symbol of the tropics, so the pine is the symbol of the north temperate zone. The palm flourishes in the summer of the world; the pine in the winter. Beauty and fruitfulness are represented in the one; strength and patient endurance in the other.

3. The pine is eminently typical of a bleak and unhospitable climate. It is associated entirely in our minds with the gray skies and the rude winds of the North. It forms an essential element in the grandest mountain scenery, and enters into the composition of some of the most magnificent scenic pictures which the great Artist has painted on the canvas of this world for the admiration of his creatures. In it we have the highest moral ideal of trees, which is dependent on their right fulfillment of their appointed functions amid the greatest difficulties.

4. Not in rich soil and amid soft breezes and warm sunbeams, and with the blue smile of unchanging skies resting upon it day after day, does it grow up in pampered and luxurious selfishness; but on the bare, steep sides of rocks, where the soil is of the scantiest, amid the wrack of gloomy, homeless clouds, and the howling of bitter winds, poverty-stricken, hunger-pinched, and tempest-tortured, it maintains its proud dignity, grows strong by endurance, and symmetrical by patient struggle. It was intended and created by God for the covering of those wild and lonely spots where no other tree could live.

5. To the offices which, in such bleak and elevated situations, the pine performs, may be traced much of the beauty and fertility of the earth, and much even of the happiness of man. Standing on the mountain tops, its fringed forests catch and condense the passing clouds, which distill from their branches into the shaded soil, and, percolating through moss and grass into the heart of the rocks, flow down by an appointed channel—a rejoicing stream into the valleys. The pine is, therefore, the earth's divining-rod, that discovers water in the thirsty desert,—the rod of Moses, that smites the barren rock and causes the living fountain to gush forth.

6. When the pine forests on the mountain heights are cut down, the springs and rivulets of the low grounds are exhausted, and the climate is rendered hotter and drier. The destruction of the grand pine woods that once clothed the Apeninnes, has rendered the Papal States a region of poverty, disease, and wretchedness. Palestine has become a parched and sterile land on account of the deforesting of its mountains and hills. Not more poetically than truthfully, then, did the old Chinese philosophers say that, "the mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine."

7. On the mountain heights, too, in the united strength of its serried phalanxes, the pine is the natural fascine or fortification against the ravages of the elements. The *ban forests* of Switzerland stay the progress of glaciers and arrest the headlong fall of the avalanche, protecting the inhabitants of the valley from the fearful ice-bolts of the mountain. On the Norwegian hills, the pine forests wage successful war with the bitter winds of the Pole; and in their sheltered rear the fruits of a milder climate ripen and the toils of a happier land are carried on.

8. Against the fierce storms of the Bay of Biscay, the pines of the Landes offer an effectual barrier; and meadows and pastures, forming the support of an industrious peas-

antry, now appear where sand-dunes once filled the air with their choking clouds, and spread desolation over the far horizon. If ignorantly and wantonly removed from the situations where God has so wisely and graciously placed it, his beneficent arrangements for the good of man would be completely frustrated.

Definitions.—2. Ar bō′re al, *pertaining to woods or trees.* 4. Păm′per, *to gratify unduly* 5. Di vīn′ing-rŏd, *a rod, commonly of hazel, with forked branches, used by those who pretend to discover water or metals under ground.* 8. Be nĕf′i çent, *a term denoting high excellence combined with largeness of bounty springing from purity and goodness. In its highest sense it denotes an attribute of the Creator, and it is now rarely used in any other sense.*

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89. THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822), poet and essayist, was born in England. He studied at Oxford, but was expelled in 1811 for advocating revolutionary opinions. From this time until his death Shelley lived in a state of excitement and unrest, occasioned partly by family troubles, and partly by his consuming desire to reform the world. He united a wide and deep scholarship with a keen intellect and an almost idolatrous love of the beautiful in every form. His work is sometimes crude, and bears the evidence of haste, for Shelley rarely revised any thing he wrote; but had he lived to give to the world the product of mature years, he would probably now be acknowledged as one of the greatest men of all times. *The Cenci*, *Prometheus*, *The Skylark*, and *The Cloud* are the best expressions of his powers.

1. I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
   From the seas and the streams;
   I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
   In their noon-day dreams.
   From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
   The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder —
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,
And the burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
And still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I can not die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

Definitions.—2. Ġē'niī, *fabulous beings, regarded by the Arabians as intermediate between angels and men, created of fire, and capable of assuming any form or of becoming invisible, at pleasure.* 6. Pa vīl'ion, *the blue of the heavens, the sky itself.* Çĕn'o taph, *an empty tomb, erected in honor of some deceased person; a monument to one who is buried elsewhere—a peculiar use of the word.*

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90. THE SPY'S ESCAPE.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851) was born in New Jersey. He studied at Yale College, and entered the navy, but resigned upon his marriage in 1811. Thenceforth he devoted himself to literature. His first novel, *Precaution*, was published in 1819; his best, *The Mohicans*, in 1826. He spent some years in Europe, where he was well received, and where he published *England*, noted chiefly for its bitterness against that nation. He has been called the American Scott, and not unjustly merits that title, though his pages as a whole do not show the wide sympathies and knowledge of human nature that made Scott so famous.

1. THE gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley, as the detachment of Lawton made its re-appearance at its southern extremity. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the Captain, side by side with his

senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference, while the rear was brought up by a young cornet, humming an air, and thinking of the sweets of a straw bed after the fatigues of a hard day's duty.

2. Stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, the Captain asked, "What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'T is a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

3. "By his hump 't is a dromedary!" added the Captain, eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed—"Harvey Birch!—take him, dead or alive!"

4. Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the Lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

5. Birch prudently kept his position on the rock until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred. He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of the approaching horse.

6. Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unseen. Captain Lawton was too much engrossed in conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most

feared had passed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress. The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground, it was seen, and the chase commenced.

7. For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and a wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge.

8. The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay, now, became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and, still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

9. The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of the trooper near him on the subject, when a man, at a short distance in his rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant, the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley shouting—"Harvey Birch!—take him, dead or alive!"

10. Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of

that moment he exclaimed—"Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

11. He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and only escaped that fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He fled again before them.

12. A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

13. The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurras of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his ears.

14. Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw, within a bound of him, the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

15. As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil.

16. All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with

a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

17. "Help Captain Lawton there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me, and search these rocks; the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited Captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

18. The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence in his manner, as they re-entered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the Captain, catching his breath, and speaking with difficulty; "I wish our bone-setter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs."

19. "Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troop, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the Captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed Sergeant; "are you an incendiary? would you burn a house in cold blood? Let a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

Definitions.—7. Ĭm'mi nençe, *evil or danger close at hand; said especially of peril or misfortune.* 8. Dra gōōng', *soldiers who serve either on horseback or on foot as occasion may require.* 9. Sten tō'-ri an, *extremely loud. Stentor was a Greek herald named by Homer.* 11. Ĭg no mĭn'i oŭs, *dishonorable. Ignomy applies to those who are publicly disgraced.* 12. Ĕx e erā'tions, *curses. This*

word implies strong personal hatred, whether of continued duration or of momentary anger, as in the text. 13. Prox ĭm′i ty, *immediate or the closest degree of nearness. The best use of this word is in moral nearness, as of ideas or time.* 18. Con dō′lençe, *the act of expressing sympathy for another.* 19. In çĕn′di a ry, *one who sets fire to another's building with intent to harm him.*

NOTE.—An extract from Cooper's novel of "The Spy." *Harvey Birch* is supposed to be a peddler, who takes neither the side of the Colonies nor Great Britain; but he is, in reality, a spy in the pay of Washington, though, for purposes known only to these two, he often appears hostile to the Americans. He was allowed to pursue his trade over the "neutral ground," as Westchester County, near New York, was then called, but he was distrusted by both parties. This selection describes his attempted capture by the British, who have learned that he possesses information that will prove valuable to them. His real character—that of a disinterested patriot—is never revealed to the greater part of the actors in the story, and he dies shunned by all but Major Dunwoodie, whose faith in him has never wavered, and who finds on his body after his death a paper in the handwriting of Washington, praising him for his silent devotion to the American cause.

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91. DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER (1823–18—) was born in Philadelphia. The son of a wealthy banker, he read law for some time after his graduation from Princeton College, but has never practiced. During the Civil War he composed many patriotic lyrics, of which the following selection is a good example. Mr. Boker has traveled extensively, and has held the posts of Minister to Turkey and to Russia. Among his more important literary labors may be mentioned *Francesca da Rimini*, a tragedy; and *The Book of the Dead*, a long elegy of over one hundred stanzas, closely following Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

1. CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
   What to him is friend or foeman,
   Rise of moon or set of sun,
   Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know;
Lay him low!

2. As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know;
Lay him low!

3. Fold him in his country's stars;
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?—
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know;
Lay him low!

4. Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love sweeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know;
Lay him low!

Definitions.—2. En dĕav'or, *generally, an effort, an attempt, a struggle. Here it is labor directed to some specific end. Endeavor is continued and sustained attempt.* 3. Be mŏck'ing, *a poetical form of the word* mocking; *the present word is rarely used except by poets, and by them only sparingly.*

92. PRAIRIE FIRES.

GEORGE CATLIN (1796–1872) was born in New Jersey. He studied law for a few years, but finally turned his attention to painting, and from 1832 to 1840 traveled through the West, gathering material for his work. This he afterward embodied in a series of several hundred pictures and scenes illustrative of Indian life and character, most of which are now the property of the Government. Mr. Catlin was an indefatigable worker, and was one of the first men who endeavored to become acquainted with the Indian character and the best mode of dealing with it. This selection is adapted from the *Manners and Customs of the North American Indians.*

1. THE prairies burning form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime. Every acre of these vast prairies (being covered for hundreds and hundreds of miles with a crop of grass which dies and dries in the fall) burns over during the fall or early in the spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful color.

2. Over the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; where the wild animals often rest in their lairs until the flames almost burn their noses, when they will reluctantly rise and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders, where the fire has passed and left the ground as black as jet. These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful, when their flames are seen at many miles' distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire (the hills being lost to the view) hanging suspended in graceful festoons from the skies.

3. But there is yet another character of burning prairies, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together, on the Missouri bottoms; and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There

are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass, so high that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups in order to look over its waving tops, as we are riding through it.

4. The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate, and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pea-vines and other impediments which render it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zig-zag paths of the deer and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire. This alarms the horse, which stops and stands terrified and immutable, till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapped in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder-cloud, rolling on the earth with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes.

5. Ask the red savage of the wilds what is awful and sublime. Ask him what foe he has met that regarded not his frightening yells, or his sinewy bow. Ask these lords of the land, who vauntingly challenge the thunder and lightning of Heaven—whether there is not one foe that travels over their land too swift for their feet and too mighty for their strength—at whose approach their stout hearts sicken, and their strong-armed courage withers to nothing? Ask him again—"Hush!—sh!—sh!—that's Medicine!"

6. I said to my comrades, as we were about to descend from the towering bluffs into the prairie—"We will take that buffalo trail, where the traveling herds have slashed down the high grass, and making for that blue point, rising, as you can just discern, above this ocean of grass; a good day's work will bring us over this vast meadow before sunset."

We entered the trail, and slowly progressed on our way, being obliged to follow the winding paths of the buffaloes, for the grass was higher than the backs of our horses.

7. Soon after we entered my Indian guide dismounted slowly from his horse, and, lying prostrate on the ground with his face in the dirt, he cried, and was talking to the Spirit of the brave,—"For," said he, "over this beautiful plain dwells the Spirit of Fire! He rides in yonder cloud—his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs—the fire bow is in his hand—he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand flames rise to destroy him; such is the talk of my fathers, and the ground is whitened with their bones.

8. "It was here that the brave son of Wah-chee'ton, and the strong armed warriors of his band, just twelve moons since, licked the fire from the blazing wand of that great magician. Their pointed spears were drawn upon the backs of the treacherous Sioux, whose swifter-flying horses led them in vain to the midst of this valley of death. A circular cloud sprang up from the prairie around them! it was raised, and their doom was fixed by the Spirit of Fire! It was on this vast plain of fire-grass that waves over our heads, that the swift foot of Mah-to'ga was laid. It is here, also, that the fleet bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man; and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends! it is the season of fire; and I fear from the smell of the wind, that the Spirit is awake!"

9. Red Thunder said no more, but mounted his wild horse, and, waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until the midday sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread before us. He partook of them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes, in sullen silence, swept the horizon round; and then, with a deep-drawn sigh

he gracefully sunk to the earth, and laid with his face to the ground. Our buffalo tongues and pemmican and marrow-fat were spread before us; and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of the western world, when, quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet.

10. Red Thunder was on his feet!—his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eye-balls starting from their sockets! "White man," said he, "see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie? he rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way!" No more—but his swift horse darted under him, and he slid gracefully over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass.

11. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard; yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow was advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve.

12. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us; the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us, and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought, but I recollect the heavens were overcast, the distant thunder was heard, the

lightning's glare was reddening the scene, and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul! The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds—his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

13. Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a sea of fire! "Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened "hush—sh—," his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eye-balls looking you to the very soul!

14. I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven! I stood secure but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!

Definitions.—2. Fes tōōn′, *any thing hanging in a dependent curve, as a garland or wreath.* 3. De nūd′ed, *made bare.* 4. Im pĕd′i ment, *that which will hinder or retard.* Im mūt′a ble, *not to be changed.* 9. Pĕm′mi can, *among the North American Indians, lean meat cut into thin slices and dried in the sun. As used by travelers in the Frigid Zone, it is pounded after being dried, and then mixed with melted fat and dried fruit, and compressed into bags. It is very nutritious.* 13. Sĭn′ewş, *the tendons uniting the muscles and bones. Here, strength, or that which supplies strength.*

93. THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE (1818–18—) was born in New Jersey. He received his education at the university of the city of New York, where he was graduated with high honors, and in 1841 he entered the Protestant Episcopal Church. Here he rose rapidly, and at present holds the position of Bishop of North-western New York. Bishop Coxe is the author of several valuable theological works, besides some volumes of poems. The following selection is from a collection entitled *Christian Ballads*, perhaps the most popular of his poetical works.

1. THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled—
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

2. Those chimes that tell a thousand tales—
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

3. Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born,
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

4. The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls!

5. And then those Easter bells in spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes,—
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

6. I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

7. And, heir of her ancestral fane,
And happy in my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine, thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

94. THE INFLUENCE OF LIFE.

Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE (1838–18—), daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray, inherited much of her father's genius. As a child she wrote several stories of some power, but at her father's request gave up fiction for study. Her first mature work was published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which her father was then editor, and has been followed by numerous other novels, of which *Old Kensington*, *Miss Angel*, and *Mrs. Dymond* are the best. Mrs. Ritchie always writes with a distinct object in view, and the brilliance and quick intelligence of her pages are always healthy and noble in their tendency.

1. WHAT a difficult thing it would be to sit down and try to enumerate the different influences by which our lives have been affected,—influences of other lives, of art, of nature, of place, of circumstances; of beautiful sights passing before our eyes, or painful ones; seasons following in their course; hills rising on our horizons; scenes of ruin and desolation; crowded thoroughfares; sounds in our ears, jarring or harmonious; the voices of friends, calling, warning, encouraging; of preachers preaching; of people in the street below complaining and asking our pity.

2. What long processions of human beings are passing before us! What trains of thought go sweeping through our brains! Man seems a strange and ill-kept record of many and bewildering experiences. Looking at one's self—not as one's self but as an abstract human being—one is lost in wonder at the vast complexities which have been brought to bear upon it; lost in wonder, and in disappointment, perhaps, at the discordant result of so great a harmony.

3. Only we know that the whole diapason is beyond our grasp; one man can not hear the note of the grasshoppers; another is deaf when the cannon sounds. Waiting among these many echoes and mysteries of every kind, and light and darkness, and life and death, we seize a note or two of the great symphony, and try to sing; and because these notes happen to jar, we think all is discordant hopelessness.

4. Then come pressing onward, in the crowd of life, voices with some of the notes that are wanting to our own part,—voices tuned to the same key as our own, or to an accordant one, making harmony for us as they pass by. Perhaps this is in life the happiest of all experience, and to few of us there exists any more complete ideal. And so, now and then in our lives when we learn to love a sweet and noble character, we all feel happier and better for the goodness and charity which is not ours, and yet which seems to belong to us while we are near it.

5. Just as some people and states of mind affect us uncomfortably, so we seem to be true to ourselves with a truthful person, generous-minded with a generous nature; life seems less disappointing and self-seeking when we think of the just and sweet, unselfish spirits, moving untroubled among dimming and distracting influence.

6. These are our friends in the best and noblest sense. We are the happier for their existence,—it is so much gain to us. They may have lived at some distant time, we may never have met face to face, or we may have known them and been blessed by their love; but their light shines from afar, their life is for us and with us in its generous example; their song is for our ears, and we hear it and love it still, though the singer may be lying dead.

7. Some women should raise and ennoble all those who follow after—true, gentle, and strong and tender, whom "to love is a liberal education," whom to have known is a blessing in our past. Is not the cry of the children still ringing in our ears as when the poet first uttered her noble song?

Definitions.—1. E nū'mer āte, *to count or tell off, one after another; to number, to reckon.* 2. Dis côrd'ant, *harsh, clashing, opposing.* 3. Dī a pā'son, *concord, harmony.* Sym'pho ny, *a harmony of sounds, agreeable to the ear. Here, literally, the music of life.*

95. RHYMES OF THE RIVER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR (1822–1887) was born in New York. He received his education at Madison University, where he remained some years after his graduation. He early chose literature as a profession, and was connected with the New York *Tribune*, the Chicago *Journal*, and other papers. He wrote for the magazines, and published several books, among which are *Between the Gates*, *January and June*, and *Theophilus Trent*. Mr. Taylor has been called the Goldsmith of America, and his poems have a tenderness intermingled with quiet humor, which render them always charming.

1. O RIVER far-flowing,
How broad thou art growing!
And the sentinel headlands wait grimly for thee;
And Euroclydon[1] urges
The bold-riding surges
That in white-crested lines gallop in from the sea!

2. O bright-hearted river,
With crystalline quiver,
Like a sword from its scabbard, far-flashing abroad!
And I think, as I gaze
On the tremulous blaze,
That thou surely wert drawn by an angel of God!

3. Through the black heart of night,
Leaping out to the light,
Thou art reeking with sunset, and dyed with the dawn;
Cleft the emerald sod—
Cleft the mountains of God—
And the shadows of roses yet rested thereon!

4. Where willows are weeping,
Where shadows are sleeping,
Where the frown of the mountain lies dark on thy crest;
Arcturus[2] now shining,
Arbutus now twining,
And my "castles in Spain"[3] gleaming down in thy breast;

5. Then, disastered and dim,
Swinging sullen and grim,
Where the old ragged shadows of hovels are shed;
Creeping in, creeping out,
As in dream or in doubt,
In the reeds and the rushes slow rocking the dead.

6. When, all crimson and gold,
Slowly home to the fold
Do the fleecy clouds flock to the gateway of even,
Then, no longer brook-born,
But a way paved with morn,
Ay, a bright, golden street to the city of heaven;

7. In the great stony heart
Of the feverish mart,
Is the throb of thy pulses pellucid, to-day;
By gray, mossy ledges,
By green, velvet edges,
Where the corn waves its saber, thou glidest away.

8. Broad and brave, deep and strong,
Thou art lapsing along;
And the stars rise and fall in thy turbulent tide,
As light as the drifted
White swan's breast is lifted,
Or a June fleet of lilies at anchor may ride.

9. And yet, gallant river,
On-flashing forever,
That hast cleft the broad world on thy way to the main,
I would part from thee here,
With a smile and a tear,
And, a Hebrew, read back to thy fountains again.

10. Ah, well I remember,
Ere dying December
Would fall like a snow-flake, and melt on thy breast,

O'er thy waters so narrow
The little brown sparrow
Used to send his low song to his mate on the nest.

11. With a silvery skein
Wove of snow and of rain,
Thou didst wander at will through the sweet summer land,
All the air a sweet psalm,
And the meadow a palm,
As a blue vein meanders a liberal hand.

12. When the school-master's daughter
With her hands scooped the water,
And laughingly proffered the crystal to me,
Oh, there ne'er sparkled up
A more exquisite cup
Than the pair of white hands that were brimming with thee!

13. And there all together,
In bright summer weather,
Did we loiter with thee, along thy green brink;
And how silent we grew,
If the robin came too,
When he looked up to pray, when he bent down to drink.

14. Ah, where are the faces,
From out thy still places,
That so often smiled back in those soft days of May?
As we bent hand in hand,
Thou didst double the band,
As idle as lilies—and fleeting as they!

15. Like the dawn in the cloud
Lay a babe in its shroud,
And a rosebud was clasped in its frozen white hand;—
At the mother's last look
It had opened the book,
As if sweet breathing June was abroad in the land!

16. O pure, placid river,
Make music forever,
In the Gardens of Paradise, hard by the throne!
For on thy far shore,
Gently drifted before,
We may find the lost blossoms that once were our own.

17. Ah, beautiful river,
Flow onward forever!
Thou art grander than Avon,[4] and sweeter than Ayr;[5]
If a tree has been shaken,
If a star has been taken,
In thy bosom we look—bud and Pleiad[6] are there!

18. I take up the old words,
Like the song of dead birds,
That were breathed when I stood farther off from the sea;
When I heard not its hymn,
When the headlands were dim:—
Shall I ever again weave a rhythm for thee?

Definition.—7. Pel lū'çid, *clear, admitting the passage of light. Among older writers,* pellucid *is used in the same sense as* transparent, *but present usage distinguishes it from this latter word, in not giving a distinct vision of objects seen through a pellucid body.*

NOTES.—1. *Euro'clydon,* a wind which blows from an easterly point on the Mediterranean Sea, and is very dangerous. 2. *Arctu'rus,* one of the brightest stars in the heavens, in the constellation Boötes. 3. *Castles in Spain,* groundless or visionary projects: so called because there are no castles in that country. 4. *Avon.* Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic writer of the world, was born in a town on the Avon River, which is one of the most beautiful in England. It is a place of pilgrimage, being immortalized by the poet's fame. 5. *Ayr,* a river in Scotland, rendered famous by Robert Burns, who lived in its valley and often mentions it in his poems. 6. *Pleiad,* one of the Pleiades, a group of seven stars, only six of which are visible to the naked eye. According to the ancients, they were seven sisters whom Jupiter transformed into stars.

96. COVERINGS OF SOME ANIMALS.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN BUCKLAND (1826–1880) was born in England. He received his education at Oxford, and, after graduating, entered the army as surgeon. He resigned upon his marriage in 1863, and accepted the office of Inspector of Fisheries for England. He was now able to gratify his intense love for animals, and spent many years in endeavoring to improve the condition of the fishing trade, in trying to introduce animals for domestication, and other reforms of like character. His knowledge had more breadth than depth; his style was lively, sometimes eccentric, but always pleasing. The following is adapted from his *Life*, published in 1885.

1. IT is very interesting to observe the wonderful way in which the Creator has clothed and ornamented his various creatures. Some live in the water, some on land, some pass their time partly in the water or on land, some exist partly in the air, on the water, and on the land. All are beautifully and wonderfully constructed. I propose to make a few remarks on the external coverings of some of these.

2. In the scales of the fish we find plates of thin horn. These plates are set in a soft pocket of the true skin, and overlap one another so as to form a complete suit of armor—giving origin, no doubt, to the idea of scale armor as worn by our ancestors at the time when arrows were used in battle. The scales of the fish are not all of the same size; they are fitted, like enamel plates, on to the body, so that while they afford the most efficacious protection, they do not interfere in the least with the movements of the fish.

3. In the crocodile, we again find a scale-formed armor. The scales are let into the skin in a different manner from those of the fish, and they are capable of absorbing a considerable amount of water. Before the skin was soaked, it was as hard and inflexible as a board. Having been soaked a few hours, it became as pliable and soft as a wet towel. This is evidently an arrangement to enable the crocodile to pass his time with comfort both in the water and out of the

water. A crocodile also has lungs, not gills, and we never find true scales, like those of a fish, unaccompanied by gills. When the crocodile is basking in the sun, his scales are much harder than when they are in the water.

4. In the armadillo we find a series of scales of peculiar shape, not let into pockets as in the fish, but each connected with its neighbor by soft skin, so that the armadillo's skin may be said to be a series of oblong-headed nails fastened into a covering which forms the skin of the animal. The armadillo has to roll himself into a ball as occasion requires; therefore the studs of his armor are so beautifully fitted as to size and shape, that he can roll them up into a ball without the slightest appearance of crease or wrinkle.

5. In the case of the armadillo, who lives under a covering of horny, flexible skin, please to observe that his backbone, and all other bones, as well as his lungs, heart, and other viscera, are all underneath this flexible roof to his body. In the tortoise we find quite another arrangement. Boil a tortoise shell, and you will find that you can pick off the scales one by one, and that underneath them is a tenter-house of solid-formed bone.

6. This dome-shaped house is not composed of a continuous mass of bone, as a tea-cup is made of a continuous plate of pottery, but rather of a series of small bones, all properly arched to suit the original curve, and jointed together in a most marvelous manner. The edges of each bone are deeply serrated, or notched, and the serrations fit one into another in such a workmanlike manner that an amount of solidity is gained which could not have been equaled if the whole dome had been cast in a single piece.

7. But how is a tortoise to live in his house? To what are his ribs to be attached? Let us examine. In ordinary animals, the backbone forms an attachment for the ribs, and there are many muscles outside the ribs. In the tortoise, the ribs themselves are actually used to form part of the

dome, or roof. By examining the inside of a tortoise shell, the fact will at once become apparent. The ribs will be seen forming the girders of this wonderful roof; and they are connected together by means of the above mentioned plates of bone with denticulated edges, while the center portion of the bone sends down an arch to form a canal in which the spinal marrow is contained.

8. The tortoise therefore lives inside of a house composed of his own ribs formed into a dome, and he rests upon his breast-bone, which is flattened out into a broad plate, to serve, first, for the attachment of the ribs, and, secondly, as a kind of supporting foot or basement. Can there possibly be a more beautiful piece of design than this, which combines economy of material and great strength with lightness?

9. We often find the same design in created things utilized for various purposes. It is, therefore, highly interesting to find that the kind of denticulated suture adopted in the tortoise is present in our own skulls. A bony box is required to carry and protect the brain; the human skull, therefore, is formed of bones, each being jointed to its neighbor by identically the same kind of union as that in the tortoise. In the human skull there is another meaning for this: the interposition of several lines of sutures all over the skull prevents a fracture of one of the bones of the skull spreading to its neighbor.

10. In the common hedgehog we find a curious bit of mechanism. The hedgehog has no horny studs fastened into the skin as in the armadillo, nor yet has he a bone-formed dome, covered with horny scales, as in the tortoise. His horny covering assumes the form of spines, or bristles, each set firmly into the skin at one end, and very sharply pointed at the other end. These bristles the owner can erect in groups, with all the points outwards, presenting a formidable array of weapons; but he has also the power to lay back these sharp-pointed spines so that their points are all turned from his head.

11. The muscles by which these spines are moved are fine strings or fibers similar to the "frowning muscle" in our own foreheads. In fact, when a hedgehog curls himself up, he begins work with a tremendous frown as he tucks his head inwards. The ribs are of unusual strength and abnormal width for so small an animal. The vertebræ are attached to the ribs in a peculiar manner, and each of them fits to its neighbor by a wonderful joint which keeps the chain of bones quite stiff when the animal is walking, but which enables him to coil up into a ball on the slightest provocation.

Definitions.—4. Ar ma dĭl'lo, *an animal peculiar to South America, having the body encased in armor composed of small, bony plates.* 7. Den tĭe'ū lā ted, *notched into little, tooth-like projections.* 9. Sūt'ūre, *the seam or joint which unites the bones of the skull.* 11. Vĕr'te bra, *a joint of the backbone or spinal column, in a fish, bird, quadruped, and in man.*

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97. WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767–1848), sixth President of the United States, was born in Massachusetts. He spent some years of his youth in Europe, where even then he gave evidence of the diplomatic skill which afterward distinguished him. Returning to America, he graduated at Harvard College, in which institution he held the professorship of Rhetoric for a short time, and soon after entered political life. After his term as President expired, Mr. Adams entered the House of Representatives, and took part in all important debates, and where he was stricken with paralysis on the 21st of February, 1848. He was carried to the Speaker's room, where he lingered for two days. He was an austere man of great and varied learning.

1. THE sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the

thunderbolt, the printing press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

2. Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country and for the freedom of the human race, ever manifesting amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.

3. Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth; and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean, braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of independence which he had contributed to form; and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

4. And, finally, in the last stage of life, with four-score winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after con-

tributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer invoked by him to God, to that constitution under authority of which we are here assembled as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic, these sacred symbols of our golden age.

5. May they be deposited among the archives of our government! And may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings by the dispensation of Providence to our beloved country from age to age, till time shall be no more!

Definitions.—1. Ăd'a mant, *a stone imagined by some to be of impenetrable hardness; sometimes applied to the diamond and other hard substances. Hence the use of the word in the text, meaning that the two objects are so connected that it is impossible to think of the one without the other.* 3. Ăm'ū let, *an ornament worn as a remedy against evils, and generally marked with mystic characters.* 5. Vĭ çĭs'si tūdeş, *changes.*

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98. THE MOUNTAIN SUMMIT.

1. ETHEREALIZED by the changing splendor of the heavens as the mountain summit appears when surveyed from below, rising up from the huge mound of rock and earth like a radiant flower above its dark foliage, it affords another illustration of the poetic adage, that "'T is distance lends enchantment to the view." When you actually stand upon it,

you find that the reality is very different from the ideal. The clouds that float over it, "those mountains of another element," which looked from the valley like gorgeous fragments of the sun, now appear in their true character as masses of cold, dull vapor; and the mountain peak, deprived of the transforming glow of light, has become one of the dreariest and most desolate spots on which the eye can rest.

2. Not a tuft of grass, not a bush of heather, is to be seen anywhere. The earth, beaten hard by the frequent footsteps of the storm, is bare and leafless as the world on the first morning of creation. Huge fragments of rocks rise up here and there, so rugged and distorted that they seem like nightmares petrified; while the ground is frequently covered with cairns of loose, hoary stones, which look like the bones which remained unused after nature had built up the great skeleton of the earth, and which she had cast aside in this solitude to blanch and crumble away unseen.

3. When standing there during a misty storm, it requires little effort of imagination to picture yourself a shipwrecked mariner cast ashore on one of the sublimely barren islands of the Antarctic Ocean. You involuntarily listen to hear the moaning of the waves, and watch for the beating of the foaming surge on the rocks around. The dense, writhing mists, hurrying up from the profound abysses on every side, imprison you within "the narrow circle of their ever shifting walls," and penetrate every fold of your garments and your skin itself, becoming a constituent of your blood, and chilling the very marrow of your bones.

4. Around you there is nothing visible save the vague, vacant sea of mist, with the shadowy form of some neighboring peak looming through it like the genius of the storm; while your ears are deafened by the howling of the wind among the whirling masses of mist, by "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," the roaring of the cataracts, and the other wild sounds of the desert never dumb.

5. And yet, dreary and desolate although the scene usually appears, it has its own periods of beauty, its own days of brightness and cheerfulness. Often in the quiet autumn noon the eye is arrested by the mute appeal of some lovely alpine flower, sparkling like a lone star in a midnight sky, among the tufted moss and the hoary lichens, and seeming, as it issues from the stony mold, an emanation of the indwelling life, a visible token of the upholding love which pervades the wide universe.

6. If winter and spring in that elevated region be one continued storm, the short summer of a few weeks' duration seems one enchanting festival of light. The life of earth is then born in "dithyrambic joy," and blooms and bears fruit under the glowing sunshine, the balmy breezes, and the rich dews of a few days. Scenes of life, interest, and beauty are crowded together with a seeming rapidity as if there were no time to lose. Flowers the fairest and the most fragile expand their exquisitely penciled blossoms even amid dissolving wreaths of snow, and produce an impression all the more delightful and exhilarating from the consciousness of their short-lived beauty, and the contrast they exhibit to the desolation that immediately preceded.

Definitions.—1. Ăd'ăge, *an old saying that has obtained credit by long use.* 2. Nīght'mâre, *a sensation in sleep as of the pressure of a weight on the chest, and of an impossibility of motion or speech, attended by direful visions, and from which one wakes in an extremely troubled state of mind.* Cârn, *a heap of stones erected by the early inhabitants of Great Britain, apparently as a monument.* 6. Dĭth y răm'bic, *wild and boisterous. It is from* dithyramb, *a kind of poetry sung in honor of Bacchus, the Greek god of wine; also an ancient Greek hymn of a wild, quick movement, sung by revelers, with flute accompaniment. Hence follows the use of the word here.*

NOTE.—This selection is descriptive of the scenery in the Scottish Highlands.

99. A MORNING HYMN.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674) was born in London. After completing his education he retired into the country, where he wrote the *Ode on the Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*, among the most beautiful poems in the language. He was the champion of Puritanism, and in its cause lost his eyesight from overwork. After Cromwell's death, Milton was reduced to poverty; but, nothing daunted, set resolutely to work on what he always considered the one object of his life,—the production of some poem that should make English literature famous. The result was *Paradise Lost*, the greatest epic in the English language. Later he produced *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Milton's is the essence of poetry, and will last as long as the language endures.

1. THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who settest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

2. Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven.
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

3. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime!
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater. Sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when the high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Morn, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies!
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light!

4. Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise!
Join voices, all ye living souls! Ye birds,
That, singing, up to heavenly gates ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise!
Hail Universal Lord! Be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

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